

THE "SENTINEL"
is the Largest, Best, and
Circulation of Any Daily
Paper in the State; cuts de
of Indianapolis. Advertis
ers and Others Interested
are invited to call at this
Office and verify this As
sertion.

HALF-CENT COLUMN.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MUSICAL.—The fall term of the Con
servatory of Music will begin on Mon
day, September 2nd. Examination and
enrollment of pupils on Saturday, August
30th. Prof. F. W. Taylor, Director.

DRUGS.—The fall term of the Con
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THE FALL TERM OF THE F. W. TAYLOR
College will commence Tuesday
Sept. 2nd. Prof. F. W. Taylor, Director.

HOOD.—Saturday morning, Aug. 23, 1879,
at the residence of Nathan Cobb, Esq.,
at 1000 Calhoun street, a young man,
Nathan Cobb, aged sixteen years, was
shot by his father, Nathan Cobb, Esq.,
with a revolver. He was killed.

CURTIS.—Friday morning, at 10 o'clock,
at the residence of his mother, Mrs. J. H.
Curtis, at 1000 Calhoun street, a young
man, Nathan Cobb, aged sixteen years,
was shot by his father, Nathan Cobb, Esq.,
with a revolver. He was killed.

FOR RENT.—By the day or week.—The
Academy of Music. Apply at the
Academy Office.

FOR SALE.—A splendid bargain
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Second Edition.
4 O'CLOCK.

CRIME AND CASUALTY.

**A Van Wert Man Murders
His Wife and Daughter
and Escapes.**

**San Francisco Will Over the
Murder of a Leading
Politician.**

**A German Farmer in Illinois
Murders His Wife and
Ships Out.**

MURDER AT VAN WERT.
[Special Telegram to the Sentinel.]
Van Wert, O., Aug. 23.—To-day
about noon Nathan Cobb shot his
wife twice in the head and clubbed
her badly with the butt end of a re
volver. He beat his daughter,
Mrs. Henry Cobb, over the
head until her skull was almost
crushed in. He then took to the
woods and has not yet been captured.
The officers are in hot pursuit. At
2:30 this afternoon both women were
alive, but Mary Cobb is rapidly sink
ing and cannot live until evening.
No cause is known for the murder.

WIFE MURDER.
Chicago, Aug. 23.—Thursday night
Fred Kerster, a German farmer, living
near Ingoquo county, shot his wife
with a gun, the charge carrying away
her lower jaw. He completed the
murder with an ax with which he
gashed her head and body in a horri
ble manner as she attempted to
escape from him through the door yard.
Kerster escaped.

MURDER IN SAN FRANCISCO.
San Francisco, Aug. 23.—Last night
Rev. S. Kalkoff, defended himself be
fore an immense audience, against
charges thirty years old, of immorality
preferred against him by the
Chronicle. He said these charges were
revived by Charles and Mike De
Young, two bastards sons of a prostitute.
This morning Chas. De Young
drove in a covered coupe in front of
the private entrance of the Metro
politan temple, where Kalkoff has a
room, and sent a messenger to call
him to come out. Kalkoff
immediately appeared on the side
walk, when De Young shot him in
the breast. Kalkoff turned to retreat
indoors when De Young shot him
in the back. It is believed Kalkoff
is dead. A crowd immediately seized
the carriage in which De Young was,
turned it over and tore him out. He
was dreadfully kicked and bruised and
would no doubt have been killed
on the spot had not an unusual num
ber of policemen come suddenly to
the rescue and hurried him to the jail.
The city is intensely excited. The
police did not think De Young safe in jail
and had made arrangements to hurry
him to Fort Alamo, when the in
tention became known to the people.
At present the spirit of the multitude
is aroused to prevent any removal of
De Young from jail. There never
was a time when San Francisco was
more angry.

ANOTHER MURDER.
New York, Aug. 23.—News was re
ceived to-day that Mr. Wilson, an en
gineer long connected with the sugar
plantation near Guineas, a province
of Havana, and forty
miles from that city, has been
murdered. Wilson, after finishing
the season's work on the plantation
he hired a small farm. He was aroused
at night by noises. He went out and
was attacked by a party of men
with swords. They almost instantly
killed him. Mrs. Wilson intended
laying the case before Consul Gen
eral Hall.

WHOLESALE BLOOD-LETTING.
San Francisco, Aug. 23.—A Bodie
dispatch says: This morning in a fight
over the Jupiter mine, John Groff
was killed, and three others wounded.

THE FRYE MURDER.
New York, Aug. 23.—Agelo M.
Farre, the Larry O'Neill of the Frye
murder, was taken back to Boston to-day.

CABLEGRAMS.

GREAT BRITAIN.
GARRY'S CASE.
London, Aug. 23.—The Times an
nounces that Lieut. Garry, in addition
to the official notification of the re
versal of the sentence of the court martial
in his case, has received a letter from
the Duke of Cambridge, com
mander-in-chief of the British
army, reviewing the circum
stances of the death of the prince im
perial, and concluding with the opin
ion that after the surprise of the
reannouncing party by the Zulus
resistance was impossible and retreat
imperative.

THE LABOR MARKET.
The reduction of 5 percent in the
wages of weavers, at Oldham, came
into force to-day. The Oldham fus
tion manufacturers have agreed to re
duce the wages of weavers 5 percent.
Other reductions are pending in the
Glossop and Fodmole districts.

FINANCIAL.
Bullion to the amount of £50,000
went to America to-day.
About £60,000 sterling, in specie,
were withdrawn from the Bank of

England, yesterday for shipment to
the United States.

RAILWAY MATTERS.
Accompanying the notification of
Children, from the board of directors
of the Great Western Railway of
Canada, that company publishes an
answer to the proposition of President
Tyler, of the Grand Trunk Railway,
for the fusion of the entire
receipts for both roads. The
representatives of the Grand Trunk
declare that they under the preference
for a division of traffic at com
petitive points only.

THE FLOODS.
It is raining to-day with great severity.
The floods at Oxford are the
highest ever known in summer. The
Oxford race course is inundated and
large numbers of persons are going
over it in boats.

AQUATIC.
William Elliott, the Tynerville scul
ler, has challenged Robt. W. Boyd to
race over the Thames course for £200
aside, the match to take place six
weeks after the Boyd and Higgins
race, which took place on September 1st.

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YELLOW-FEVER.

**Seven New Cases and Nine Deaths
Reported at Memphis To-day.**

Memphis, Aug. 23.—Seven new cases
were reported to the board of
health this morning. Elias McDougal,
and six colored.

NINE DEATHS.
Nine deaths, four of whom were
colored, have occurred since last night.
The whites are Mrs. Fanny B. Moore,
Willie Stein, W. N. Dehart, John
Kearney and Patrick McMahon. The
two last named died at Camp Father
Matthew.

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M

nine years managing agent of
Evangelical Publishing Association

Owing to additions to the fortifications of Russia on its western frontier, the construction of those of

who did it. He acknowledges having been with Ardito and Infantino on the night of the murder, but says that

FREE - **MASTERS APPROVED**
S10 Scale for \$5; 1-10, to 25 lbs.
Pay Family, Office or Store
Every Scale perfect. Send for circular
CHASCO SCALE CO., CHASCO, ID.

Handolph County Bank; T. F. MOORMAN, Cashier Farmers' and Merchants' Bank; GEN. T. M. BROWNE, M. C.; Hon. J. E. NEFF, Ex-Secretary of State; CAPT. A. S. TEAL; Col. M. B. MILLER; GEN. A. STONE, President Randolph County Bank.

Old papers for sale at the SENTINEL
office.

WIFE AND I.

We quarreled this morning, wife and I—
We were out of temper, and scarce knew
why.
Though the cause was trivial and common—
But to look in our eyes you'd have sworn
that we both
Were a couple of enemies, spiteful and
wroth—
Not a wedded man and wife.
Wife, like a tragedy queen in a play,
Tossed her sweet little head in as lofty a
way.
As a little woman was able;
She clenched her lips with a sneer and a
frown.
While I, being rougher, stamped up and
down.
Like a careless groom in a stable.
You thought of the bitterness (seeing us
thus)
Of little women and little men;
You'd have laughed at our spite and
passion.
And would never have dreamed that a
storm like this
Would be rainbowed to tears by that
smiling face.
Till we talked in the old-fashioned way.
Yet the storm was over in less than an
hour.
And was followed soon by a sunny
shower.
And that again by a sunburst;
Yet so little the morning was understood,
That we almost felt ashamed to be good,
And wore a blush on our faces.
Then she, as a woman, much wiser be-
came,
And tried to bear the whole weight of the
blame.
By her kindness, herself-reproving;
When seeing her humble, and knowing
her true.
I all at once became humble too,
And very contrite and loving.
But seeing I acted a humble part,
She laughed outright with a frolic heart—
A laugh as careless as Cupid's.
And the laughter wrangled along my
brain.
Till I almost felt in a passion again.
I am become quite stubborn and stupid.
And this was the time for her arms to
twine
Around this stubborn neck of mine.
Like the arms of a maid 'round a lover.
And feeling then with their
warmth, you know,
I laughed quite a different laugh, and so
The storm (as I called it) was over.
So then we could talk with the power to
please.
As though the passing of storms like
these,
Leaves a certain facility
Of getting easily angry again;
Yet free the heart and rebuke the
brain.
And teach us a rough humility.
You see that we love one another so well,
That you find more comfort than you can
tell.
In flinging our bells and corals;
In the fierce fights of a world so dear,
We keep our spirits so pleasant and clear,
That we need such trivial quarrels.

THE YELLOW MASK.

BY WILLIE COLLINS.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"Father Rocco, for the first time since I have enjoyed the pleasure of your acquaintance, I find you committing a breach of good manners. I shall leave you until you become more like yourself. If you wish to apologize for calling me a wretch, and if you want to secure the wax mask, honor me with a visit before four o'clock this afternoon, and bring two hundred scudi with you. Delay till after four, and it will be too late."

An instant of silence followed; and then Nanina judged that Brigida must be departing, for she heard the rustling of a dress on the lawn in front of the summer-house. Unfortunately, Scaramuccia heard it too. He twisted himself round in her arms and growled.

The noise disturbed Father Rocco. She heard him rise and leave the summer-house. There would have been time enough, perhaps, for her to conceal herself among some trees if she could have recovered her self-possession at once; but she was incapable of making an effort to regain it. She could neither think nor move—her breath seemed to die away on her lips—as she saw the shadow of the priest stealing over the grass slowly from the front to the back of the summer-house. In another moment they were face to face.

He stopped a few paces from her, and eyed her steadily in dead silence. She still crouched against the summer-house, and still with one hand mechanically kept her hold of the dog. It was well for the priest that she did so. Scaramuccia's formidable teeth were in full view, his shaggy coat was bristling, his eyes were starting, his growl had changed from the surly to the savage note; he was ready to tear down, not Father Rocco only, but all the clergy in Pisa, at a moment's notice.

"You have been listening," said the priest calmly. "I see it in your face. You have heard all."

She could not answer a word; she could not take her eyes from him. There was an unnatural stillness in his face, a steady, unrepentant, unfathomable despair in his eyes that struck her with horror. She would have given worlds to be able to rise to her feet and fly from his presence.

"I once distrusted you and watched you in secret," he said, speaking after a short silence, thoughtfully, and with a strange, tranquil sadness in his voice; "and now, what I did by you, you do by me. You put the hope of your life once in my hands. Is it because they were not worthy of the trust that discovery and ruin overtake me, and that you are the instrument of the retribution? Can this be the decree of Heaven—or is it nothing but the blind justice of chance?"

He looked upward, doubtfully, to the lustrous sky above him, and sighed. Nanina's eyes still followed his mechanically. He seemed to feel their influence, for he suddenly looked down at her again.

"What keeps you silent? Why are you afraid?" he said. "I can do you no harm, with your dog at your side, and the workmen yonder within call. I can do you no harm, and I wish to do you none. Go back to Pisa; tell

what you have heard; restore the man you love to himself, and ruin me! That is your work; do it. I was never your enemy, even when I distrusted you. I am not your enemy now. It is no fault of yours that a fatality has been accomplished through you—no fault of yours that I am rejected, as the instrument of securing a righteous restitution to the Church. Rise, child; and go your way, while I go mine, and prepare for what is to come. If we never meet again, remember that I parted from you without one hard saying or one hard look—parted from you so, knowing that the first word you speak in Pisa will be death to my character, and destruction to the great purpose of my life."

Speaking these words, always with the same calmness which had marked his manner from the first, he looked fixedly at her for a little while, sighed again, and turned away. Just before he disappeared among the trees, he said "Farewell," but so softly that she could barely hear it. Some stinging confusion clouded her mind, as she lost sight of him. Had she injured him, or had he injured her? His words bewildered and oppressed her simple heart. Vague doubts and fears; and a sudden antipathy to remaining any longer near the summer-house, overcame her. She started to her feet, and keeping the dog still at her side, hurried from the garden to the high-road. There, the wide glow of sunshine, the sight of the city lying before her, changed the current of her thoughts, and directed them all to Fabio and to the future.

A burning impatience to be back in Pisa now possessed her. She hastened toward the city at her utmost speed. The doctor was reported to be in the palace when she passed the servants lounging in the courtyard. He saw the moment she came into his presence, that something had happened, and led her away from the sick-room into Fabio's empty study. There she told him all.

"You have saved him," said the doctor joyfully. "I will answer for his recovery. Only let that woman come here for the reward; and leave me to deal with her as she deserves. In the mean time, my dear, don't go away from the palace on any account until I give you permission. I am going to send a message immediately to Signor Andrea d'Arbino to come and hear the extraordinary disclosure that you have made to me. Go back to read to the Count, as usual, until I want you again; but, remember, you must not drop a word to him yet of what you have said to me. He must be carefully prepared for all that we have to tell him, and must be kept quite in the dark until those preparations are made."

D'Arbino answered the doctor's summons in person; and Nanina repeated her story to him. He and the doctor remained closeted together for some time after she had concluded her narrative and had retired. A little before four o'clock they sent for her again into the study. The doctor was sitting by the table with a bag of money before him, and D'Arbino was telling one of the servants that if a lady called at the palace on the subject of the handbill which he had circulated, she was to be admitted into the study immediately.

As the clock struck four Nanina was requested to take possession of a window-seat, and to wait there until she was summoned. When she had obeyed, the doctor loosened one of the window-curtains, to hide her from the view of any one entering the room.

About a quarter of an hour elapsed, and then the door was thrown open, and Brigida herself was shown into the study. The doctor bowed, and D'Arbino placed a chair for her. She was perfectly collected, and thanked them for their politeness with her best grace.

"I believe I am addressing confidential friends of Count Fabio d'Ascoli?" Brigida began. "May I ask if you are authorized to act for the Count in relation to the reward which this handbill offers?"

The doctor, having examined the handbill, said that the lady was quite right, and pointed significantly to the bag of money.

"You are prepared, then," pursued Brigida, smiling, "to give a reward of two hundred scudi to any one able to tell you who the woman is who wore the yellow mask at the Margu's ball, and how she contrived to impersonate the face and figure of the late Countess d'Ascoli?"

"Of course we are prepared," answered D'Arbino, a little irritably. "As men of honor, we are not in the habit of promising anything that we are not perfectly willing, under proper conditions, to perform."

"Pardon me, my dear friend," said the doctor; "I think you speak a little too warmly to the lady. She is quite right to take every precaution. We have the two hundred scudi here, madam," he continued, patting the money-bag; "and we are prepared to pay that sum for the information we want. But" (here the doctor suspiciously moved the bag of scudi from the table to his lap) "we must have proofs that the person claiming the reward is really entitled to it."

Brigida's eyes followed the money-bag greedily.

"Proofs?" she exclaimed, taking a small flat box from under her cloak and pushing it across to the doctor. "Pray! there you will find one proof that establishes my claim beyond the possibility of doubt."

The doctor opened the box and looked at the wax mask inside it, then handed it to D'Arbino and replaced the bag of scudi on the table.

"The contents of that box seem certainly to explain a great deal," he said, pushing the bag gently toward Brigida, but always keeping his hand over it. "The woman who wore the yellow domino was, I presume, of the same height as the late Countess?"

"Exactly," said Brigida. "Her eyes were also of the same color as the late Countess; she wore yellow of the same shade as the hangings in the late Countess's room, and she had on, under her yellow mask, the colorless wax model of the late Countess's face now in your friend's hand. So much for that part of the secret. Nothing remains now to be cleared up but the mystery of who the lady was. Have

the goodness, sir, to push that bag an inch or two nearer my way, and I shall be delighted to tell you."

"Thank you, madam," said the doctor, with a very perceptible change in his manner. "We know who the lady was already."

He moved the bag of scudi while he spoke back to his own side of the table. Brigida's cheeks reddened, and she rose from her seat.

"Am I to understand, sir," she said haughtily, "that you take advantage of my position here, as a defenseless woman, to cheat me out of the reward?"

"By no means, madam," rejoined the doctor. "We have contrived to pay the reward to the person who could give us the information we required."

"Well, sir! have I not given you part of it? And am I not prepared to give you the whole?"

"Certainly; but the misfortune is that another person has been before-hand with you. We ascertained who the lady in the yellow domino was, and how she contrived to impersonate the face of the late Countess d'Ascoli, several hours ago, from another informant. That person has consequently the prior claim; and, on every principle of justice, that person must also have the reward. Nanina, this bag belongs to you—come and take it."

Nanina appeared from the window-seat. Brigida, thunder-struck, looked at her in silence for a moment; gasped out, "That girl!" then stopped again, breathless.

"That girl was at the back of the summer-house this morning, while you and your accomplice were talking together," said the doctor.

D'Arbino had been watching Brigida's face intently from the moment of Nanina's appearance, and had quietly stolen close to her side. This was a fortunate movement; for the doctor's last words were hardly out of his mouth before Brigida seized a heavy ruler lying with some writing materials on the table. In another instant, if D'Arbino had not caught her arm, she would have hurled it at Nanina's head.

"You may let go your hold, sir," she said, dropping the ruler and turning toward D'Arbino with a smile on her white lips and a wicked calmness in her steady eyes. "I can wait for a better opportunity."

With those words she walked to the door, and turning round there, regarded Nanina fixedly.

"I wish I had been a moment quicker with the ruler," she said, and went out. "There!" exclaimed the doctor; "I told you I knew how to deal with her as she deserved. One thing I am certainly obliged to her for—she has saved us the trouble of going to her house and forcing her to give up the mask. And now, my child," he continued, addressing Nanina, "you can go home, and one of the men-servants shall see you safe to your own door, in case that woman should still be lurking about the palace. Stop! you are leaving the bag of scudi behind you."

"I can't take it, sir."

"And why not?"

"She would have taken money!"

Saying these words, Nanina reddened and looked toward the door.

The doctor glanced approvingly at D'Arbino. "Well, well, we won't argue about that now," he said. "Pluck up the money with the mask for to-day. Come here to-morrow morning, as usual, my dear. By that time I shall have made up my mind on the right means for breaking your discovery to Count Fabio. Only let us proceed slowly and cautiously, and I answer for success."

CHAPTER VII.

The next morning, among the first visitors at the Ascoli Palace was the master-sculptor, Luca Lomi. He signed, as the servants thought, agitated, and said he was especially desirous of seeing Count Fabio. On being informed that this was impossible, he reflected a little, and then inquired if the medical attendant of the Count was at the palace, and could be spoken with. Both questions were answered in the affirmative, and he was ushered into the doctor's presence.

"I know not how to preface what I want to say," Luca began, looking about him confusedly. "May I ask you, in the first place, if the work-girl named Nanina was here yesterday?"

"She was," said the doctor.

"Did she speak in private with any one?"

"Yes; with me."

"Then you know everything?"

"Absolutely everything."

"I am glad at least to find that my object in wishing to see the Count can be equally well answered by seeing you. My brother, I regret to say—"

He stopped perplexed, and drew from his pocket a roll of papers.

"You may speak of your brother in the plainest terms," said the doctor.

"I know what shall be said in promoting the infamous conspiracy of the Yellow Mask."

"My petition to you, and through you to the Count is, that your knowledge of what my brother has done may go no further. If this scandal becomes public, it will ruin me in my profession. And I make little enough by it already," said Luca, with his old sordid smile breaking out again faintly on his face.

"Pray, do you come from your brother with this petition?" inquired the doctor.

"No; I come solely on my own account. My brother seems careless what happens. He has made a full statement of his share in the matter from the first; has forwarded it to his ecclesiastical superior (who will send it to the archbishop), and is now awaiting whatever sentence they choose to pass on him. I have a copy of the document, to prove that he has at least been candid, and that he does not shrink from consequences which he lawfully cannot touch him, but the Church can; and to the Church he has confessed. All I ask is, that he may be spared a public exposure. Such an exposure would do no good to the Count, and would do dreadful injury to me. Look over the papers yourself, and show them whenever you think proper, to the master of this house. I have every confidence in his honor and kindness, and in yours."

He laid the roll of papers open on the table, and then retired with great humility to the window. The doctor looked over them with some curiosity.

The statement or confession began by boldly avowing the writer's conviction that part of the property which the Count Fabio d'Ascoli had inherited from his ancestors had been obtained by fraud and misrepresentation from the Church. The various authorities on which this assertion was based were then produced in due order; along with some curious particles of evidence culled from old manuscripts, which it must have cost much trouble to collect and decipher.

The second section was devoted, at great length, to the reasons which induced the writer to think it his absolute duty, as an affectionate son and faithful servant of the Church, not to rest until he had restored to the successors of the apostles in his day the property which had been fraudulently taken from them in days gone by. The writer held himself justified, in the last resort, and in that only, in using any means for effecting this restoration; except such as might involve him in mortal sin.

The third section described the priest's share in promoting the marriage of Maddalena Lomi with Fabio; and the hopes he entertained of securing the restitution of the Church property through his influence over his niece, in the first place, and, when she had died, through his influence over the child, in the second. The necessary failure of all his projects, if Fabio married again, was next glanced at; and the time at which the first suspicion of the possible occurrence of this catastrophe occurred to his mind was noted with scrupulous accuracy.

The fourth section narrated the manner in which the conspiracy of the Yellow Mask had originated. The writer described himself as being in his brother's studio on the night of his niece's death, harassed by forebodings of the likelihood of Fabio's marrying again, and filled with a resolution to prevent any such disastrous second union at all hazards. He asserted that the idea of taking the wax mask from his brother's statue flashed upon him on a sudden, and that he knew of nothing to lead to it, except, perhaps, that he had been thinking just before of the superstitious nature of the young man's character, as he had himself observed it in the studio. He further declared that the idea of the wax mask terrified him at first; that he strove against it as against a temptation of the devil; that from fear of yielding to this temptation, he abstained even from entering the studio during his brother's absence at Naples, and that he first filtered in his good resolution when Fabio returned to Pisa, and when it was rumored, not only that the young nobleman was going to the ball, but that he would certainly marry for the second time.

The fifth section related that the writer, upon this, yielded to temptation rather than forego the cherished purpose of his life by allowing Fabio a chance of marrying again; that he made the wax mask in a plaster mold taken from the face of his brother's statue; and that he then had two separate interviews with a woman named Brigida (of whom he had some previous knowledge), who was ready and anxious, from motives of private malice, to personate the deceased Countess, to personate the deceased Countess, to personate the deceased Countess, to personate the deceased Countess.

The sixth section detailed the proceedings at the masquerade, and contained the writer's confession that, on the night before it, he had written to the Count proposing the reconciliation of a difference that had taken place between them, solely for the purpose of guarding himself against suspicion.

He next acknowledged that he had borrowed the key of the Campo Santo gate, keeping the authority to whom it was intrusted in perfect ignorance of the purpose for which he wanted it. That purpose was to carry out the ghastly delusion of the wax mask (in the very probable event of the wearer being followed and inquired after) by having the woman Brigida taken up and set down at the gate of the cemetery in which Fabio's wife had been buried.

The seventh section solemnly averred that the sole object of the conspiracy was to prevent the young nobleman from marrying again, by working on his superstitious fears; the writer repeating, after this avowal, that any such second marriage would necessarily destroy his project for promoting the ultimate restoration of the Church possessions, by diverting Count Fabio's property, in great part, from his first wife's child, over whom the priest would always have influence, to another wife and probably other children, over whom he could hope to have none.

The eighth and last section expressed the writer's contrition for having allowed his zeal for the Church to mislead him into actions liable to bring scandal on his cloth; reiterated in the strongest language his conviction that, whatever might be thought of the means employed, the end he had proposed to himself was a most righteous one; and concluded by asserting his resolution to suffer with humility any penalties, however severe, which his ecclesiastical superiors might think fit to inflict on him.

Having looked over this extraordinary statement, the doctor addressed himself again to Luca Lomi.

"I agree with you," he said, "that no useful end is to be gained now by mentioning your brother's conduct in

public—always provided, however, that his ecclesiastical superiors do their duty. I shall show these papers to the Count as soon as he is fit to peruse them, and I have doubt that he will be ready to take my view of the matter."

This assurance relieved Luca Lomi of a great weight of anxiety. He bowed and withdrew.

The doctor placed the papers in the same cabinet in which he had secured the wax mask. Before he had locked the doors again he took out the flat box, opened it, and looked thoughtfully for a few minutes at the mask inside; then sent for Nanina.

"Now, my child," he said, when she appeared, "I am going to try our first experiment with Count Fabio; and I think it of great importance that you should be present while I speak to him."

He took up the box with the mask in it, and beckoning to Nanina to follow him, led the way to Fabio's chamber.

CHAPTER VIII.

About six months after the events already related, Signor Andrea d'Arbino and the Cavaliere Finello happened to be staying with a friend, in a seaside villa on the Castellammare shore of the bay of Naples. Most of their time was pleasantly occupied on the sea, in fishing and sailing. A boat was placed entirely at their disposal. Sometimes they loitered whole days along the shore; sometimes made trips to the lovely islands in the bay.

One evening they were sailing near Sorrento, with a light wind. The beauty of the coast tempted them to keep the boat close inshore. A short time before sunset they rounded the most picturesque headland they had yet passed; and a little bay, with a white sand beach, opened on their view. They noticed first a villa surrounded by orange and olive trees on the rocky heights inland; then a path in the cliff-side leading down to the sands; then a little family party on the beach, enjoying the fragrant evening air.

The elders of the group were a lady and gentleman, sitting together on the sand. The lady had a guitar in her lap, and was playing a simple dancelike melody. Close at her side a young child was rolling on the beach in high glee; in front of her a little girl was dancing to the music, with a very extraordinary partner in the shape of a dog, who was capering on his hind legs in the most grotesque manner. The merry laughter of the girl and the lively notes of the guitar were heard distinctly across the still water.

"Edge a little nearer inshore," said D'Arbino to his friend, who was steering. "And keep as I do in the shadow of the sail. I want to see the faces of those persons on the beach without being seen by them."

Finello obeyed. After approaching just near enough to see the countenances of the party on shore, and to be backed at last by the dog, they turned the boat's head again toward the offing.

"A pleasant voyage, gentlemen," cried the clear voice of the little girl. They waved their hats in return, and then saw her run to the dog and take him by the fore legs. "Play, Nanina," they heard her say. "I am not half done with my partner yet." The guitar sounded once more, and the grotesque dog was on his hind legs in a moment.

"I had heard that he was well again, and that he had married her lately, and that he was married with her and her sister, and the child by the first wife," said D'Arbino; "but I had no suspicion that their place of retirement was so near us. It is too soon to break in upon their happiness, or I should have felt inclined to run the boat on shore."

"I never heard the end of that strange adventure of the Yellow Mask," said Finello. "There was a priest mixed up in it, was there not?"

"Yes; but nobody seems to know exactly what has become of him. He was sent for to Rome, and he has never been heard of since. One report is, that he has been condemned to some mysterious penitence; another, that he has volunteered, as a sort of forlorn hope, to accept a colonial duty among rough people and in a pestilential climate. I asked his brother, the sculptor, about him a little while ago, but he only shook his head, and said nothing."

"And the woman who wore the yellow mask?"

"She too has ended mysteriously. At Pisa she was obliged to sell off everything she possessed to pay her debts. Some friends of hers at a milliner's shop, to whom she applied for help, would have nothing to do with her. She left the city alone and penniless."

The boat had approached the next headland on the coast while they were talking. They looked back for a last glance at the beach. Still the notes of the guitar came gently across the quiet water; but there mingled with them now the sound of the lady's voice. She was singing. The little girl and the dog were at her feet, and the gentleman was still in his old place close at her side.

In a few minutes more the boat rounded the next headland, the beach vanished from view, and the music died away softly in the distance.

THE END.

A pair of horses in New Haven started from some place up town, and tore down State street, evidently headed for their owner's packing-house on Long Wharf. The driver, who was off his wagon on business, ran into a store near by and sent word by telegraph to Long Wharf to look out for the runaway. When the horses reached the wharf a cordon of men were stretched across the street to prevent the animals from going to the water, and the result was that the animals were turned into the packing-house yard, where it was found they had sustained no injury.—New York Times.

An advertisement in a Vermont paper of last week reads:—"Whereas, my wife (name given) has separated herself from me, and refuses to assist in my support, I hereby warn all persons from harboring or trusting her on my account, as I shall pay no debt of her contracting after this date."

BURNT CORK.

Something About the Birth and Growth of Negro Minstrelsy.—The Story of the Profession—Famous Made and Squandered—Gossip About Emerson, Hooley, Manning, Arlington, Burgess, Schoolcraft, Christy and Others.

(Indianapolis Journal.)

"My old misanthropic one or two mo' will never get to heaven till day jump Jim Crow."

These senseless words are from the first couplet of the old song "Jim Crow," and from its production in Louisville in 1836, dates American negro minstrelsy.

In the year named, Henry L. Schoolcraft, an actor, wrote the lines, which were set to music, and the song was rendered by himself, forming part of his "business" in a drama then holding the boards. One night Schoolcraft was missing. He had run away with a beautiful Louisville belle whose rich and aristocratic parents had frowned on a young actor and repelled his advances. Schoolcraft's part was taken by Mr. Rice, afterwards known the country over as "Jim Crow" Rice, or "Daddy" Rice. He was an artist in his way, and imitated the plantation "nigger" to perfection. There was something in his delineation of the character and in the jingle of Jim Crow that took with the people, and he at once made a great hit. For five or six years Rice traveled with a circus, singing in every part of the United States, leaving a train of imitators wherever he went. Thus he became virtually the "daddy" of minstrelsy. Joseph Harper contended with him for the honor, but the popular verdict accorded the distinction to Rice, who held it to his death.

DEVELOPMENT OF MINSTRELSY.

Then came Joe Sweeney, the original banjo player. The banjo of '27 was of decidedly primitive construction. It was simply a gourd with the inside scooped out and strings stretched across. It was called a gourd or dug-out at that time, and was something of a novelty in the way of musical instrument. Between 1835 and 1844 a dozen or more performers in the Jim Crow line occupied the attention of the public. They traveled around giving entertainments separately, some of them making profitable hits. In 1844 Joe Sweeney, Dick Pelham, Billy Whitlock, George Howe, the left-handed violinist, and Barney Williams, subsequently celebrated as a comedian, gave a performance in Chatham Theater, New York City, on the occasion of a benefit to Pelham. This was the first time an union show had been given, and the success that attended the venture suggested the idea of a band of minstrels. The union named accordingly joined fortune, and went abroad, playing with indifferent success in England. Pelham and his associates fell out, and the band broke up and returned to America.

In the meantime the original "Serenaders" organized under the management of James Dumbleton. In this band were Gil Pelham, Arlington, White, Stanwood, Germon, and others, many of whom subsequently made fortunes in the business. The Serenaders went to England and played to immense audiences. In 1845 L. P. Christy's band was formed. The band was composed of only five persons, namely: E. P. and George Christy, R. M. Hooley, Thomas Horn and "Bill" (Wm. A.) Porter. Christy's band made a tour of the western states. A successful foreign tour was then made, and to this day nearly all the minstrel combinations abroad are called Christy minstrels. Up to this time there was no "first part," programmes consisting wholly of imitations of the plantation dandy. Dumbleton originated the idea of devoting a share of the show to the "dandy" of the north, and from this grew the first part that now forms one of the most interesting features of a minstrel show. Minstrelsy had a great run up to the beginning of the war, and in that period the Virginia Harmonists, Sable Harmonists, Boston Harmonians, Virginia Ferenaders, Buckley's New Orleans band, Bryant's Minstrels, Hooley & Campbell's band, and Hooley's Minstrels were among leading burnt-cork combinations.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

The sketch given above embraces in brief the main points of an outline history of the development of negro minstrelsy up to within a few years, given hurriedly by R. M. Hooley and Luke Schoolcraft in a conversation with a Journal reporter. Both of the gentlemen have been identified with the profession nearly all their lives, the first named being an original minstrel, and Mr. Schoolcraft, a son of the author of "Jim Crow," having spent twenty years on the stage as a delineator of negro character. None are better qualified for the historical role than they. They are full of reminiscences, and a volume could be written of amusing incidents that have come under their notice. Mr. Hooley recalls with interest the good old days of '45, when he traveled through this part of the country as a "nigger singer." Then the wardrobe of a minstrel consisted of a checked shirt, a checked pair of pantaloons, and a wig. Each man carried his wardrobe in a bandana handkerchief, and his entire baggage was lugged about in a small leather bag. In these days a \$50 house was immense. The salaries of the performers averaged \$30 per month, and the daily expenses of a band seldom exceeded \$25 a day. Thirty-four years ago Mr. Hooley took part in a performance in this city, being one of a band of five. To-day he is at the head of the largest combination on the road, fifty-six names being on his pay-roll. His daily expenses are \$400. Though known in later years chiefly as the atrial manager, Mr. Hooley has probably made more money out of minstrelsy than any man living with perhaps one exception, having cleared over \$500,000 with his troupe in Brooklyn, between 1862 and 1866. Then he removed to Chicago and lost the big end of his fortune in the great fire. He is still "on the turf," however, and in the scope and genius of his operations rivals Jack Haverly. He can be excused for indulging in a little self-gratulation.

FORTUNES MADE AND LOST.

Of all the minstrels whose names have gone into history, Billy Manning ranks first. He was an artist, and his professional brethren accorded him the honor of leadership. Billy Manning was one of those who made great fortunes out of minstrelsy, his earnings having exceeded a quarter of a million of dollars. But he was unfortunate in his domestic relations, and went to all sorts of excesses, dying a pauper three or four years ago. He burned his life out as quickly as he could—and who can blame him? His career may be likened to that of Lucille Western, the sad story of whose wrecked life fills a mournful page in the history of the American drama.

Buckley made a large amount of money with his New Orleans Minstrels, but he couldn't hold it. Dan Bryant, too, reaped a rich pecuniary reward for his work, having made over \$300,000 in a few years. An extravagant family and a careless, happy-go-lucky way of doing business ruined him and brought him to a poor man's grave. Allen, Arlington, Lew Benedict, Kelly & Leon, Sam Purdy and a dozen others, made and spent fortunes. But of all the performers, Billy Emerson has, in all likelihood, made the most money. His earnings approximating \$500,000. Of this vast sum very little has stuck to his fingers. He has always been prodigal in his expenditures, and the bulk of his fortune has been "blown in," to use a sporting phrase, as fast as it reaches his hands. Emerson is one of the most graceful men on the stage, and when he was at his best, possessed a voice of rare sweetness. He now sings with great effort and his voice has lost its freshness and flexibility, but still his name is an attraction and he continues to coin money. Emerson may be classed as nearly as great an artist as Manning. There is something in the association and name that has always made it next to impossible for a negro minstrel to save money. No very high order of talent is required to make a possible minstrel, the gift of mimicry being the chief qualification, and it so happens that those most successful in their calling have had very little stability of character to start with. They have been easily led into extravagance and recklessness, and few of them have had the moral stamina to say no. They are courted by the fair sex and considered members of the "gang" by the "boys." Generally they do belong to the gang, and no mistake. Cool Burgess and Luke Schoolcraft are about the only professional minstrels who have accumulated property and held it. Burgess is worth \$85,000 or \$40,000 in Toronto real estate, and Schoolcraft has a home in Cambridge, Mass., together with other property, worth, all told, \$15,000 or \$20,000.

Minstrelsy, which has been languishing for several years, seems to have taken a fresh start this season under the impetus given to it by Haverly and Hooley, and maybe it will be granted a new and profitable lease of life. The country is full of minstrel talent, but very little of it can be classed as first-rate. Negro minstrelsy has become so mixed with the vaudeville of fate that not one man in ten who blacks up his face and gars through "monkey shins" before the footlights, knows anything about dialect business, which is after all one of the principal charms of minstrelsy. Thus it is that good men command high salaries, wages running from \$25 to \$100 a week.

Of all the minstrels whose names have gone into history, Billy Mannin ranks first. He was an artist, and his professional brethren accord him the title of king. Billy Mannin was one of those who made great fortunes out of minstrelsy, his earnings having exceeded a quarter of a million of dollars. But he was unfortunate in his domestic relations, and went to all sorts of excesses, dying a pauper three or four years ago. He burned his life out as quickly as he could—and who can blame him? His career may be likened to that of Lucile Western, the sad story of whose brief life fits a mournful page in the history of the American stage.

Buckley made a large amount of money with his New Orleans minstrels, but he couldn't hold it. Dan Bryant, too, reaped a rich pecuniary reward for his work, having made over \$300,000 in a few years. An extraordinary success in the business of going lucky way of doing business ruined him and brought him to a poor man's grave. Allen, Arlington, Lew Benedict, Kelly & Leon, Sam Purdy and a dozen others, made and spent fortunes. But of all the performers, Billy Emerson has, in all likelihood, made the most money, his earnings approximating \$500,000. Of this vast sum very little has stuck to his fingers. He has always been prodigal in his expenditures, and much of his fortune has been "blown in" to waste upon a phrase, as fast as it reaches his hands. Emerson is one of the most graceful men on the stage, and, when he was at his best, possessed a voice of rare sweetness. He now sings with great effort and his voice has lost its freshness and flexibility, but still his name is an attraction and he continues to sing for the great multitude of negroes as nearly as great an attraction as Minnie. There is something in the association and name that has always made it next to impossible for a negro minstrel to save money. No very high order of talent is required to make a passable minstrel, the gift of mimicry being the chief qualification, and it is so apparent that those most successful in the calling have had very little stability of character to start with. They have been easily led into extravagance and recklessness, and few of them have had the moral stamina to say no. They are courted by the fair sex and considered members of the "gang" by the "boys." Generally they do belong to the gang, and no mistake. Coolidge, the colored actor, has said much about the only professional minstrel who has accumulated property and held it. Burgess is worth \$85,000 or \$140,000 in Toronto real estate, and Schoolcraft has a home in Cambridge, Mass., together with other property, worth, all told, \$15,000 or \$20,000.

Minstrelsy, which has been languishing for years in the country, has lately taken a fresh start this season under the impetus given to it by Haverly and Hooley, and maybe it will be granted a new and profitable lease of life in this country. It is not a talented, but very little of it can be classed as first-rate. Negro minstrelsy has become so mixed with the vaudeville of late that not one man in ten who blacks up his face and goes through "monkey shines" before the thoughts, knows anything about dialect business, which is after all one of the principal charms of minstrelsy. The high salaries—good men command high salaries—ages running from \$25 to \$100 a week.

THE CHILDREN.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
For the children to play and to roam,
To bid me good night and be kissed;
Ah, the little white arms that encircle
My neck, the sweet voices that sound me
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love in my face!

And when they are gone, I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, so lovely to me,
Of love that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
For the children are never so kind to me
As a partner of sorrow and sin,
And the glory of glory was within.

Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's,
When the fountains of feeling will flow,
When the tears are so sweet and so true,
And when the feet of the dear ones must go,
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild;
Of the angels of God that will hold
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of heart and of household;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still shines in their eyes;
Oh! those triants from home and from heaven.

They have made more manly and mild;
And I know Jesus could like
The Kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones
That my love is too young to do,
But that life may have just enough
Shadow.

To compel the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from
evil.

But my prayer would bound back to myself,
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But I cannot find prayer for himself.

The twig is so easily bent,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of
My love, and the love of my God.

They have taught me the goodness of
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a
My love is sufficient correction;
My love is too young to do.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall grieve for the dear ones,
The sweet voices that sound me
I shall miss the "good night" and the
kisses.

And the gush of their innocent glees,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve,
The sweet voices that sound me
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
The sweet voices that sound me
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And Death says, "The school is dis-

May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed.

Away They Go.

[Baltimore Gazette.]

It is a very difficult thing to raise an American family properly. When it isn't the bloody coachman it is the blasted music teacher.

A poor man in a country village has been in the habit of receiving from the parson of the parish a pint of milk daily. At his death the poor man died, and in his will he bequeathed the daily pint of milk to his brother.

THE GREAT SCANDAL.

Henry Watterson's Brilliant Disposition—Gath Compares Sprague and Conkling—What Gov. Sprague Says—A Duel Talked of a Year Ago—Personal Description of Kate Chase Sprague.

WATTERSON ON SPRAGUE-CONKLING. Henry Watterson is rusticated down at Block Island, and he sends to the *Courier-Journal* the following brilliant dissertation on the Sprague-Conkling scandal:

Kate Chase was not a pretty girl. She bade fair to be a handsome woman, which she is. But twenty years ago she was tall, gangling, pale-faced, with fine expressive eyes and a serpentine movement, not unlike that of Modjeska, though, of course, less graceful. It is not true that she has always been vicious. It is not true that she duped a rich fool into a one-sided marriage. It is true, and only true, that, in a single affair at Columbus, she caused her father-in-law anxiety and trouble, and that, during the last two or three years, her connection with Mr. Conkling has been the occasion of a deal of ugly talk at Washington. She is ambitious, restless, fond of admiration and used to it; a power in her day, and not willing, with the close of it, to sink into obscurity.

I make bold to give it as my opinion that there have never been any criminal relations between her and Mr. Conkling, although Mr. Conkling, out of a base, overweening love of himself, would rather have it appear so than confess himself so great a fool as to have gone such lengths, and wrought such ruin, and got nothing more than a mouthful of kisses. I know that this view of the case is exposed to some ridicule. The licentious spirit of the time can see nothing but its own image behind the curtain that conceals the presence of a man and a woman. "When in doubt," says the spirit, "call it adultery." Yet nothing is commoner than the reverse, even when the proof seems clearest.

In this particular business it is worth to one's while to consider Gov. Sprague. He is, and has long been, a mere sot. All that his wife says of him is within the mark. It is perhaps true that if he had sold Mr. Conkling dead, no jury in New England could have been found to convict him. But, as he did not, he sinks out of account as a poor creature, who ill-treated his wife and left her pretty much to her own devices.

She is what she is—an ex-belle, a detested queen; still young, still fond of pleasure; not yet resigned to the loss of position and prestige, and conscious of augmented charms. Alone in a capital which has never been over queenish or very rigid in its social limitations, Mr. Conkling comes her way. Mr. Conkling, the friend of her party; the most brilliant, and, apparently, the most dashing among the political leaders of the day; an artist in scenic effects, a professional, if not a professed, lady-killer. She is only a woman, after all, with a woman's limited knowledge and narrow sphere of movement, and she thinks she sees in this proffered intimacy a diversion from her domestic grief and a revival of at least a part of her former self. One step leads to another; intimacy ripens into familiarity; familiarity into indiscretion; indiscretion into reckless disregard of appearances and public opinion. All this may happen, often has happened, without the literal violation of the commandment which women are most taught to consider and respect. Not surely without a loss of delicacy; of real modesty; of that pure and priceless flower of the household love and honor which, worn by the matron, elevates her into a divinity in the sight of her husband and her husband's friends; but yet without the vulgar and vulgarizing physical contact which is never long in showing itself at the window and the front door, marking off the guilty woman from the rest in every look and line, action and utterance. Mrs. Sprague is cold and discerning; a woman of the world. She may have been infatuated by Mr. Conkling's showy talents. She may have been enraptured by Mr. Conkling's preferences; but she must have known that her power lay in resistance, in drawing the line somewhere. All women, more or less, know that little, and it is preposterous to believe that this self-poised, aspiring woman—the mother of many lukewarm sons belonging to her condition and her class—would give herself completely away, her hold upon her lover included, and in all these years show no sign of it in her manners and her aspect to the rest of the world.

For my part, I don't believe it. I believe her to be a vain, and to have always been a daring, imprudent woman, not a wanton, and I must say that the provocation she has had from her husband, and the course which Mr. Conkling has pursued, together with the wretched plight in which I know her now to be, fill me with a sympathy I never expected to feel for her. She is the daughter of one of the greatest men this country has ever produced, a woman in distress, abused and browbeaten by her husband, betrayed and deserted by her lover, and that is enough for me.

Why, do you know that I am credibly informed that Mr. Conkling was assured by the New York papers that if he would authorize a denial of the whole thing, on his honor as a man and a senator, they would not only suppress the details, but unite in an endorsement, and, if needed, a defense, and that Mr. Conkling refused? God of the universe! Where are the bibles, where are the stacks of bibles, so high that the meanest wretch would not mount them, as upon an altar, and light the pile with his own hands, and amid the flames beneath, swear to the honor of the woman who had trusted him and who stood compromised by his act, until his senses left him?

Mr. Conkling, with characteristic avoidance of contamination to his gentlemanhood, has fled the field. He declines to appear in his own person.

He first invents a most absurd statement to the press. He next prepares, not for himself, but for Mrs. Sprague to sign, an inconsistent, illogical statement to the public. In the first person singular he has never a word to utter. He does not say, "I let my character go—do what you will with it—but the woman is innocent." He does not have even the self-possession or the courage to make a diversion upon Sprague and to say to him, "Sir, you are a scoundrel who has attacked his own wife through me, and I will hold you responsible." He does nothing of the sort. His greatness restrains him. He flies back to Utica, to the wife he has deserted, to the daughter he tried to humiliate, and, covering behind these good women, he asks the country to believe him guiltless while it, in company with Sprague, punishes the daughter of the great chief justice. I wish I may be harpooned—and I am sure I don't want to be harpooned—if I ever heard anything like it in all my perusal of wicked history from Claudius down to Henry Ward Beecher.

"GATH" HAS HIS SAY.
(George Alfred Townsend in the Cincinnati Enquirer.)

Conkling is a selfish, hard man, careless about wounding the feelings of anybody. I do not believe that he has a sincere friend in the world. The parasites who get office from him, or the expectation of it, have, of course, that interest the creature always has in the creator; but almost everybody is uneasy in his company. He spends his time among his lickspittles. Few people go to see him, except the chief gangster, the revenue assessor, the collector and the postmaster. He sits among these contented men, and only needs a brilliant, fine woman to tempt Conkling to carry him off his feet. Mark Anthony never dropped quicker before the flattery of Cleopatra.

The people may as well understand that, as far as utility in this world is concerned, Gov. Sprague is immeasurably Roscoe Conkling's superior. He was the perfect master of the greatest cotton manufacturing business in this country. He knew the largest and the latest details of that business, from buying cotton in enormous quantities and handling the finances of his huge concern, down to the smallest matter of design and coloring, and getting the stock on the market. Mr. Conkling has never produced anything except a lot of rhetoric and fusillade, and, although always declared to be on the eve of the greatest effort of his life, he does not appear to have made it until now, when he has shown the inside of his character to the American people with all the vengeance of his nature.

Sprague was also a soldier, and a good one, while Mr. Conkling spent more than four years of the war practicing with boxing-gloves at an imaginary stuffed enemy in his law office at Utica. Sprague had been a democrat, and was not supposed to be especially favorable to fighting, but when the war broke out he appeared among the first in the field at the head of his regiment, and it was there he met the admiration of Kate Chase and all the belles of that time. He was regarded as the best catch, the richest and daintiest single man in the country. Old Secretary Chase paid him the closest attention, and the arts which have since been given, not without avail, to Roscoe Conkling, were showered in the presence of the young governor of Rhode Island. Probably he was not so much in love with her as he was with the prospect of the young governor of Rhode Island. Probably he was not so much in love with her as he was with the prospect of the young governor of Rhode Island.

Sprague had previously built a villa near Narragansett Pier, so that his wife could spend the summer with her children within the state which had given him his political honors. Mr. Conkling had been his colleague in the senate, and owed him the respect of a fellow-republican and an acquaintance and a gentleman. Naturally Mr. Sprague felt his embarrassment. His failures were immense, involving millions of dollars, yet his creditors felt that no other person could so well carry on the business and pay them dividends out of the concern, so they remanded the whole thing to him, their debtor. Finding himself pressed by the banking firm of Brown & Ives, in Providence, Sprague made an issue with them and incidentally with his colleague, Senator Anthony. It is a little odd that Mr. Conkling should be sending his traps to Sprague's house on the one hand and visiting Anthony on the other, when Mrs. Sprague knows that there has been an irreparable breach between her husband and Senator Anthony. In short, the charlatan, the band-box man, the senatorial barber and dancing-master, has stepped into another man's house, that man his friend, and brought humiliation upon it, disgrace on the state of New York, and scandal on the United States. It is time for Roscoe Conkling to curl up into a very small heap and get under his epitaph.

TROUBLE A YEAR AGO.
(Chicago Times.)

Utica, N. Y., Aug. 14.—The *Utica Herald's* Saratoga Springs correspondent telegraphs to-night as follows regarding the Sprague-Conkling scandal: How far the writer of that ingenious associated press dispatch forestalled public sentiment may be judged by an incident that came under my observation. Taking breakfast at a table of eight or ten Saratoga visitors the morning the dispatch was published, a well-informed lady from New York laughed heartily at the part the German school teacher was made to play. She then stated, as a matter of fact, that about a year ago she was shown a telegraphic dispatch from Gov. Sprague to a gentleman of her acquaintance, who was an intimate personal friend of the governor, ad-

vising him that a duel was inevitable between the sender of the dispatch (ex-Gov. Sprague) and Senator Conkling. The lady was informed that the unpleasantness between Mr. Sprague and Mr. Conkling at the time the dispatch was sent was of a character that could not be compromised without subjecting the former to criticism on the part of his friends, which no gentleman of spirit could quietly endure. The gentleman who received the dispatch was advised by it to hold himself in readiness for any emergency that might arise. After three or four weeks a dispatch was received by the same man from ex-Gov. Sprague, which was also shown the lady above referred to, stating that the duel affair had blown over, and that the matter was satisfactorily arranged. The readiness with which this lady's indignation, sharpened and guided by a general knowledge of current gossip from Washington—a knowledge which every one who reads the papers has in common—punctured the thin disguise which that associated press dispatch was intended to throw over the celebrated encounter at Narragansett, is characteristic of the way in which the whole affair is treated at this society center.

CONKLING'S FORMER CAPERS.
(Chicago Times.)

Syracuse, N. Y., Aug. 4.—The Narragansett Pier scandal has not created any great degree of surprise in Syracuse, where the peccadilloes of the senator with the ambrosial look are well known among politicians of his own ilk. It has, however, offered an excuse for the recital of an episode of five or six years ago connected with one of Senator Conkling's numerous amours, which has probably never before seen the light of day. Although the scandal was not public, yet it was known to many of the great party leaders that he had formed an unholy alliance with the wife of a young man residing in an obscure interior village. The lady in question was the daughter of one of the oldest and most respected families in central New York. She is described by those who remember her in her halcyon days as a woman of surpassing personal beauty. In due time the husband suddenly attained notoriety by being appointed to a federal post of high prominence in the city of New York. People who were knowing of Senator Conkling's little indiscretion accounted for the husband's elevation in a way not complimentary to that person. He held his place, however, and always had the senior senator of New York as his guardian angel. The husband's friends always asserted that he was ignorant of the rumors associating the name of his wife with that of Senator Conkling. Once he learned of it, he gave way to melancholy, and some time ago died by his own hand. Most people believe that domestic troubles drove him to suicide. As the story goes, the lady was wont to make assassinations along the line of the railroad running in and out of Utica, and contiguous to both their homes. One day in the summer of 1873, Richfield Springs, a charming summer resort about thirty miles from Utica, was chosen as a trying place. An obscure hotel was selected as the place of meeting, both parties being desirous of slandering the greater hostilities of the village. A gentleman in Syracuse of high social position relates to the *Times* correspondent the scene which was enacted, once the loving pair were safely ensconced in their bower of bliss, he having been present at the time. The worthy boniface of the humble inn had no idea of the dignity he was harboring under his roof, the senator having registered a fictitious name with the affix "and lady." Shortly after a carriage was driven up to the door of the hotel and from it alighted a man who was laboring under great excitement. He addressed the landlord and demanded that Senator Conkling's room be pointed out to him. The astonished host replied that no such man was his guest, and added that he would be only too glad if he was. The irate husband, for such he was, insisted that Conkling was at the house, but the landlord's honest protestations finally appeased the husband's wrath, to such an extent that the latter agreed to wait while the landlord sought the apartment of his last arrival to inquire his name. This much the husband demanded, when he learned that a recently arrived couple were occupying a room upstairs. Mine host proceeded to the apartment, upon the door of which he gently tapped. The senator responded by opening the door part way and asking what was the trouble. The landlord explained the situation. Senator Conkling was thereupon greatly excited and begged the landlord to get the man out of the house. He acknowledged his identity, but warned the landlord that nothing short of murder would ensue should the fact become known. The now thoroughly frightened boniface went down stairs and by dint of argument and falsehood convinced the husband that he was on the wrong track. This is the story as it is told. The affair was public property at Richfield Springs the next day, but it was not believed by many. Senator Conkling ceased his attentions to the lady in question four years ago.

With this deliberate intention he hurried back to Canochet as soon as he heard Conkling was there. "Near the house he met Linck, the German professor, but he declared positively he had no row with him and had no intention of shooting him. He did not even have his gun with him at the time. He did not order Linck to leave the house, and was opposed to his being there, not, however, because he had anything against the man himself, but because he could not afford to have such an attachment to his establishment, and he felt that the display of such extravagance at Canochet was injuring him in his efforts to save the wreck of his vast property interests and to get on his feet again financially. But he hardly gave Linck a thought. Probably he did speak angrily, he said, for he was very angry but his indignation was against Conkling and not against Linck.

He found Conkling in the house alone, and ordered him out on the instant. Conkling refused to go. A few high words ensued, and then he (Sprague) went up stairs to get his shot-gun. He found that he had no percussion caps for his weapon, and went off to the village to get some. As soon as he could procure them he hurried back, and Conkling was still there. He again ordered him to leave, and Conkling refused to go and tried to mollify Sprague and excuse himself from leaving so suddenly on the ground that he had no carriage for himself or his baggage, which was not even packed. Thereupon Mr. Sprague drew out his watch and told Conkling that he would give him thirty seconds to get out, and that if he was not out by that time he (Sprague) would blow his brains out.

At that moment a carriage appeared in sight, which had evidently been sent for while Senator Sprague was absent in his search for the caps. At any rate Conkling got into it immediately, and drove away, leaving his baggage behind him. What happened afterward in the house is not related, except that Conkling's luggage was hustled out of the house at short notice. Not satisfied that Conkling would quit hanging around the place, and determined to make him fully understand that he (Sprague) was in earnest, and that it was not a mere passing fit of rage, the governor, as soon as he had said his say at the house and had ordered Conkling's luggage out, jumped into his own wagon and drove off toward the pier to find Conkling, and he carried his gun with him. He found Conkling pacing up and down in front of a cafe. Jumping from his carriage he beckoned Conkling to come to him and said curtly: "I want you."

Conkling came, and another scene ensued. Conkling spoke low and mildly, evidently seeking to avoid attracting attention. This only enraged Mr. Sprague the more. He denounced Conkling violently, and told him plainly that he had had enough of his intimacy with Mrs. Sprague and did not propose to have any more of it. The governor reminded Conkling that he had broken a promise he once made in Washington to give up his acquaintance with Mrs. Sprague. Finally the governor cut Conkling short in an attempted reply by asking him abruptly if he was armed. Conkling, bristling up, replied that he was

in the most elegant and fashionable manner. Her father was chief justice, her husband a senator in congress, and counted the richest man in either body—and she had a younger, unmarried sister. Her house, a large double brick building, now used as a boarding house, was luxuriously furnished, and she had horses and carriages and liveried servants in confusing array. When she went to the theater, which was rare, no queen ever created more of a sensation. Her toilets were the envy of the town, and her beauty and her manner drew both ladies and gentlemen, though from different motives, wild. Her father and sister resided with her. Her sister, a pleasant little body with a turned-up nose, was, I believe, married from the Sixth street house.

SPRAGUE TELLS HIS STORY.
(Boston Globe.)

Senator Sprague has been in consultation with his lawyers, and absolutely declines to make a statement for publication "directly," but an intimate friend relates the substance of what occurred between Mrs. Sprague and Senator Conkling on Friday, August 8th, as the story came from the lips of Mr. Sprague himself. Its publication would not be permitted even now, but for the letter of Mrs. Sprague.

Gov. Sprague's version of the affair is as follows: He had been down in Maine on a business trip, expecting to be absent until Saturday night. He finished his business before he expected to and returned late Thursday night, but did not see Mrs. Sprague, although he knew she was present in the house. On Friday morning he learned for the first time, and down at the pier, that Conkling was up at his house and had been there a day or two. The governor was mad beyond measure, and the cause of his anger, he said to his friend, was the intimate relations between Senator Conkling and his wife, which had long been highly obnoxious to him. The existence of these relations was no secret to him. He had seen the scandal growing and becoming more and more public, and he spoke bitterly of the conduct of Senator Conkling toward his wife at Washington. Bitter words had often passed between his wife and himself because of that intimacy. She was fully aware how obnoxious to him was that intimacy, and what were his feelings toward Senator Conkling. But in spite of this, said Mr. Sprague, in spite of all the scandal and the violence of his feelings, that she should invite Senator Conkling to be a guest at his house during his absence, and that Conkling should have the brazen effrontery to come there at all, incensed him beyond all measure. As he expressed it, Senator Conkling was trying to do for his home in Rhode Island what he had already done for his home in Washington, and he had determined to put an end to it at once and forever.

With this deliberate intention he hurried back to Canochet as soon as he heard Conkling was there. "Near the house he met Linck, the German professor, but he declared positively he had no row with him and had no intention of shooting him. He did not even have his gun with him at the time. He did not order Linck to leave the house, and was opposed to his being there, not, however, because he had anything against the man himself, but because he could not afford to have such an attachment to his establishment, and he felt that the display of such extravagance at Canochet was injuring him in his efforts to save the wreck of his vast property interests and to get on his feet again financially. But he hardly gave Linck a thought. Probably he did speak angrily, he said, for he was very angry but his indignation was against Conkling and not against Linck.

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At that moment a carriage appeared in sight, which had evidently been sent for while Senator Sprague was absent in his search for the caps. At any rate Conkling got into it immediately, and drove away, leaving his baggage behind him. What happened afterward in the house is not related, except that Conkling's luggage was hustled out of the house at short notice. Not satisfied that Conkling would quit hanging around the place, and determined to make him fully understand that he (Sprague) was in earnest, and that it was not a mere passing fit of rage, the governor, as soon as he had said his say at the house and had ordered Conkling's luggage out, jumped into his own wagon and drove off toward the pier to find Conkling, and he carried his gun with him. He found Conkling pacing up and down in front of a cafe. Jumping from his carriage he beckoned Conkling to come to him and said curtly: "I want you."

Conkling came, and another scene ensued. Conkling spoke low and mildly, evidently seeking to avoid attracting attention. This only enraged Mr. Sprague the more. He denounced Conkling violently, and told him plainly that he had had enough of his intimacy with Mrs. Sprague and did not propose to have any more of it. The governor reminded Conkling that he had broken a promise he once made in Washington to give up his acquaintance with Mrs. Sprague. Finally the governor cut Conkling short in an attempted reply by asking him abruptly if he was armed. Conkling, bristling up, replied that he was

not; that if he was he (Sprague) would not go on as he was going. Without noticing the threat, Sprague replied: "Then go and arm yourself and hereafter go armed. I don't intend to shoot an unarmed man, but I tell you now that if you ever cross my path again I will shoot you at sight."

With that threat Gov. Sprague jumped into his carriage again and drove off, and Mr. Conkling returned to the cafe. This is undoubtedly a substantially correct story of what actually happened between Senator Conkling and ex-Senator Sprague.

FARM NOTES.

The whole of the United States have but 3,000,000 proprietary agriculturists; one-half the number of France, with ten times the area.

Mr. Child, the agricultural statistician, estimates the capital of English landlords at \$1,000,000,000, and of English tenants at \$2,000,000,000.

The manure of cows and pigs resists decomposition for a longer time than that of sheep and horses—both the latter being dryer than the former, and decomposing more readily in the soil.

A farmer, having lost one of his sheep, said to his neighbor: "You know that big wether I had out in that lot. Well, I found him dead this morning, and now what I want to know is whether the wether killed the wether or not."

Indian corn was first grown by Europeans in this country at the James River settlement in Virginia, in 1608; and history informs us that the increase was immense, more than a thousand fold. In 1609 more than forty acres were grown by the Virginia planters.

Six million people find their living in France from agriculture, upon an area less than the state of Texas, of which about one-tenth was specially fertilized by nature, the other tenths being land reclaimed and cultivated up to the present productiveness.

Charcoal, pulverized and mixed with water, is now highly recommended as an agent for relieving cattle suffering from any derangement of the stomach, such as bloat or hoven, etc. This should be remembered. There is no doubt of its efficacy, if abundance of concurrent testimony can be relied upon.

A correspondent of the *Indiana Farmer*, poured, one evening last fall, lime water on the heads of a nice lot of cabbages, and the next morning the worms that had infested them were lying dead all over the patch. A writer in the *Southern Home* accomplished the same result by applying, in the morning when the dew was on, a mixture of one-third slacked lime and two-thirds unleached ashes.

In selecting an animal for breeding or fattening, obtain one having a large chest—the part containing the lungs, heart and the larger blood vessels, all of which have an important function to perform in the process of nutrition. It is well known among cattle men that animals with small chests do not fatten readily, and they are remarkably susceptible to the influence of exciting causes of disease.

Ground intended for a crop of winter wheat should be plowed as soon as possible, be it oat, wheat stubble or meadow. The plow should not run over four inches deep, and the soil should be left in a rough state until germinating weed-seeds makes it necessary to harrow it. The oftener the soil is harrowed and the closer the ground is packed, the more certain is there to be a good crop. We would urge this upon all those who intend to grow a crop of this cereal next year.

A plan, says the *Scientific Farmer*, for improving the cream of butter, in use in many parts of Switzerland noted for good milk and fine butter, is as follows: The milk, as soon as it is drawn, and while yet warm, is filtered through a sprig of washed flax, the stem of which is inserted loosely and upright in the hole of the funnel. The milk deposits hairs, skins, clots of gelatinous sliminess on the leaves. It has imparted to it a most agreeable odor and does not readily turn sour. A fresh sprig should be used each time.

A gentleman who has had some experience in onion raising, writes to the *Maine Farmer* that he leveled off a spot twenty feet square, where a cow had been yarded, and spread on it a bushel or more of wood ashes, and mixed them in with a hoe and rake. He planted in rows, ten inches apart, and in hills one-half that distance, pressing it hard with a board on which he stood. When the onions came up, he gave them a supply of water that had been made tepid from standing in the sun, and that was well saturated with new manure. The result was twenty bushels of fine onions, and no bugs or worms. Onions should be planted early.

The benefits of green manuring, with buckwheat and rye, for wheat, are well shown by a correspondent of the *Ohio Farmer*. The field had been in corn for fourteen years and was completely exhausted. It was plowed, sown to buckwheat, which was plowed under when in flower, then sown to winter rye, which was plowed under the following spring, and the land planted to corn. The yield of corn was very good. Three years after a portion of the land was sown to buckwheat the last of July, turned under September 20th, and sown to winter wheat, the crop the next season being thirty-three bushels per acre. On land adjoining, that had not received a dressing of buckwheat, the yield of wheat was only fifteen bushels per acre.

When an approved American joke in ten years old it is disguised and introduced as new in the French papers. Five years later the London journals of gossip get hold of it.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

A lady said that woman is the only sincere exponent of Christianity. Sincere remarked, "That's the reason why so many young men wish to embrace the faith."—*St. Louis Spirit*.

INDUSTRIAL ITEMS.

The Belleville (Ill.) mill is so crowded that nails are shipped hot.

The rolling mill at Atlanta, Ga., gives support to about two thousand persons.

In a Bombay (India) cotton factory a man receives \$8 a month, a woman \$4 and a child \$2.50.

The Domingo Mine, Silver Cliff, Col., worked by fifty men, yields \$10,000 worth of ore per week.

Extensive improvements in the facilities of cotton and woolen mills are reported all over the country.

Large car shops are to be built at Pottsville, Pa., by the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company.

A reduction of 10 percent in the wages of employes of the Vermont Central Railroad has been announced.

The puddlers of the Glasgow Iron Company, Pottstown, Pa., have received an advance in wages to \$4 per ton.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has just given an order for 7,000 car wheels, to be made as fast as possible.

The Richmond (Ind.) City Mill Works is building a three-run mill for Wichita, Kas., and a two-run mill for Bath, Mich.

The increase of flouring mills in the four states of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota, from 1860 to 1875, was from 1,135 to 3,000.

The coal mines at Morrisdale, Pa., are running full time, giving employment to about 150 miners. A new shaft is being put down.

A general strike of lathers in all the shoe shops of Natick and Cohasset, Mass., has been resolved upon. Last year's prices are demanded.

Two hundred puddlers and helpers at Allentown, Pa., who struck three weeks ago, have resumed work with an advance of 50 cents per ton.

McIntosh, Hemphill & Co. recently completed a four-ton steam hammer for the Keystone Bridge Company, and are now making a 2,500-pound hammer for the same company.

The employes of the Pennsylvania iron works at Danville, have been notified of an increase of wages dating from August 1st. The price now paid for puddling is \$3 per ton.

There is a corner in bricks in Patterson. The brick makers are doing contract work for \$5 per thousand, but if they were not tied by contracts they could get double that price.

The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company is turning out at its shops thirty-nine oil tank cars per month to accommodate its new oil traffic with the Tidewater company.

An Englishman is said to be prospecting along the Hudson River, in New York, for a site for a linen mill, to be brought to this country from England, with a large number of employes.

Several new cotton mills are in process of construction at Lowell, Mass., among them one 365x75 feet, six stories high, running about 50,000 spindles, and employing 400 or 500 operatives.

Forty-three percent of the spinning machinery in Fall River, is in operation. Several mills have erected cheap boarding houses in the mill yards, and new comers are kept entirely free from strikers.

Shaft No. 1, of the Penn Gas Coal Company, near Irwin Station, Pa., is in full blast, employing about 180 miners. About 150 miners are now at work in shaft No. 2 of the Penn Gas Coal Company, Westmoreland county, Pa.

The Kansas City Air Line Company has filed articles of incorporation in Illinois for a railroad from a point on the Indianapolis, Decatur and Springfield road near Decatur westward to Roodhouse on the Chicago and Alton, distance eighty-two miles.

The Keystone Bridge Works are running night and day, and employing about 300 hands. The company have contracts with the Cincinnati Southern Railway and the Louisville Western Railway companies, for building all their new bridges and spans.

One of the most important industrial establishments recently started in northern Ohio is that of the Kent alpaca mill, at Kent, O. This concern started up the first week in July with 100 hands and 50 looms, which will soon be increased to 200 and 100, respectively.

During the past week building permits for structures to cost, in the aggregate, \$578,000 were issued in New York; in Brooklyn, \$275,000; in Philadelphia, \$380,000. Building fair in Boston, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago. Reports from New Orleans are rather discouraging.

The tailoring business in New York and Philadelphia is steadily with a tendency to increase. The Boston *Journal* says: "Our manufacturers are cutting up more material for fall wear than they did a year ago. The west promises to be a great customer in this line, as it has been of other goods."

Wages in the Kensington iron works at Philadelphia have been voluntarily advanced by the proprietors from 35 to 40 percent. In August, 1878, 1,500 men struck for an advance but were defeated. Now that the trade has improved they get better pay without striking for it. The force employed has been largely increased.

board prices. This has been refused by most of the foundry proprietors, and nearly all the stove moulders in the city stopped work Friday. The street car conductors and drivers have now got the fever to some extent, but they have determined on no plan of action as yet. They do not ask more pay, but a less number of working hours. They now average about fifteen hours.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Lynchburg, Va., has an amateur society who are singing "Pinafore."

"The Banker's Daughter" is having a great run at Haverly's theatre, Chicago.

At Bloomington, Ill., the opera of "Martha" will be given by home talent.

"Pinafore" is to be given in Springfield, Mass., by home talent, early in September.

A. K. Virgil has moved his conservatory from Burlington, Ia., to Peoria, Ill. Where next?

Salsbury's Tronbadours will be at Whitely's Detroit Opera House September 16th to 20th.

The Mozart Association of Richmond, Va., has given 170 concerts since its organization.

Carlotta Patti, it is said, is shortly to be married to Ernst Von Munch, the noted violinist.

"Pinafore," "Trial by Jury" and "Chimes of Normandy" are the attractions in St. Louis.

Miss Eugenie Paul, late of Rice's Surprise Party, has joined Mr. Joseph Jefferson's dramatic company.

The original autograph will of Handel; the great composer, was recently sold at auction in London for \$285.

Ford's Opera House at Washington, D. C., will be opened on August 24th, with a juvenile "Patinette" company.

Mapleson, with his whole grand opera company, will start for this country Sept. 25th. He brings Ardit as director.

It is said that Edwin Booth intends to act in London, and negotiations are now in progress between Henry Irving and himself, with a view to his appearance in that city.

The story of the new opera, "West Point," by Bartley Campbell and Edward E. Rice, is that of the love matches made by a visit of Vassar College girls to West Point.

The New York Fifth Avenue Company threw out the anchor of "H. M. S. Pinafore" at Niagara Falls on Aug. 9, intending to sail after two days, but the popular breeze is so strong that the anchor will not be raised for some time.

Dr. Arthur Sullivan, the author of "Pinafore," was born in London, in 1842, of musical parents, his father being professor at Kneller's Hall, the training school for military bands. Dr. Sullivan began composing at six years of age.

Miss Mary Anderson has been spending the summer at Long Branch. She is to open the new opera house at Utica, Va., Montreal and other Canadian cities, and also at Buffalo in October. She will also be in Cincinnati and Chicago.

The Emma Abbott English Opera Company, Rice's Surprise Party, the Salsbury Tronbadours,

THE GREAT SCANDAL.

Henry Waterston's Brilliant Dissection—Goth Compared Sprague and Conkling—What Gov. Sprague Says—Old Scandals About Conkling—A Duel Talked of a Year Ago—Personal Description of Kate Chase Sprague.

WATERSTON ON SPRAGUE-CONKLING.

Henry Waterston is rusticated down at Block Island, and he sends to the *Courier-Journal* the following brilliant dissertation on the Sprague-Conkling scandal:

Kate Chase was not a pretty girl. She bade fair to be a handsome woman, which she is. But twenty years ago she was tall, gangling, pale-faced, with fine expressive eyes and a serpentine movement, not unlike that of Modjeska, though, of course, less graceful. It is not true that she has always been vicious. It is not true that she duped a rich fool into a one-sided marriage. It is true, and only true, that, in a single affair at Columbus, she caused her father-infinite anxiety and trouble, and that, during the last two or three years, her connection with Mr. Conkling has been the occasion of a deal of ugly talk at Washington. She is ambitious, restless, fond of admiration and used to it; a power in her day, and not willing, with the close of it, to sink into obscurity.

I make bold to give it as my opinion that there have never been any criminal relations between her and Mr. Conkling, although Mr. Conkling, out of a base, overweening love of himself, would rather have it appear so than confess himself so great a fool as to have gone such lengths, and wrought such ruin, and got nothing more than a mouthful of kisses. I know that this view of the case is exposed to some ridicule. The licentious spirit of the time can see nothing but its own image behind the curtain that conceals the presence of a man and a woman. "When in doubt," says the spirit, "call it adultery." Yet nothing is commoner than the reverse, even when the proof seems clearest.

In this particular business it is worth no one's while to consider Gov. Sprague. He is, and has long been, a mere spot. All that his wife says of him is within the mark. It is not true that he had shot Mr. Conkling dead, no jury in New England could have been found to convict him. But, as he did not, he sinks out of account as a poor creature, who ill-treated his wife and left her pretty much to her own devices.

She is what she is—an ex-belle, a dethroned queen; still young, still fond of pleasure; not yet resigned to the loss of position and prestige, and conscious of augmented charms. Alone in a capital which has never been over a quinquennial of very great literary limitations, Mr. Conkling comes her way. Mr. Conkling, the friend of her father, the Jupiter Tonans of her party; the most brilliant, and, apparently, the most dashing among the political leaders of the day; an artist in scenic effects, a professional, if not a professed, lawyer-killer. She is only a woman, after all, with a woman's limited knowledge and narrow sphere of movement, and she thinks she sees in this proffered intimacy a diversion from her domestic grief and a revival of at least a part of her former self. One step leads to another; intimacy ripens into familiarity; familiarity into indiscretion; indiscretion into reckless disregard of appearances and public opinion. All this may happen, often has happened, without any intention of violation of the commandment which women are most taught to consider and respect. Not surely without a loss of delicacy; of real modesty; of that pure and priceless flower of the household love and honor which, worn by the matron, elevates her into a divinity in the sight of her husband and her husband's friends; but yet without the vulgar and vulgarizing physical contact which is never long in showing itself at the window and the front door, marking off the guilty woman from the rest in every local and time action and utterance. Mrs. Sprague is cold and discerning; a woman of the world. She may have been infatuated by Mr. Conkling's showy talents. She may have been enraptured by Mr. Conkling's preferences; but she must have known that her power lay in resistance, in drawing something to herself, in drawing the line somewhere. All women, more or less, know that little, and it is preposterous to believe that this self-poised, aspiring woman—the mother of many children and with passionate quiet as lukewarm as belonging to her condition and her class—would give herself completely away, her hold upon her lower included, and in all these years show no sign of it in her manners and her respect to the rest of the world.

For my part, I don't believe it. I believe her to be a vain, and to have always been a daring, imprudent woman, not a wanton, and I must say that the provocation she has had from her husband, and the course which Mr. Conkling has pursued, together with the wretched plight in which I know her now to be in, fill me with a sympathy I never expected to feel for her. She is the daughter of one of the greatest men this country has ever produced, a woman in distress, abused and browbeaten by her husband, betrayed and deserted by her lover, and that is enough for me.

Why, do you know that I am credibly informed that Mr. Conkling was assured by the New York papers that if he would authorize a denial of the whole thing, on his honor as a man and a senator, they would not only suppress the details, but unite in an indorsement, and, if needed, a defense, and that Mr. Conkling refused? God of the universe! Where are the bibles, where are the stacks of bibles, so high that the meanest wretch would not mount them, as upon an altar, and light the pile with his own hands, and amid the flames beneath, swear to the honor of the woman who had trusted him and who stood compromised by his act, until his senses left him?

Mr. Conkling, with characteristic avoidance of contamination to his gentlemanhood, has fled the field. He declines to appear in his own person.

He first invents a most elaborate pretext to the press. He next prepares, not for himself, but for Mrs. Sprague, to sign, an inconsistent, illogical statement to the public. In the first person singular he has never a word to utter. He does not say, "Let my character go—do what you will with it—but the woman is innocent." He does not have even the self-possession or the courage to make a diversion upon Sprague and to say to him, "Sir, you are a scoundrel who has attacked his own wife through me, and I will hold you responsible." He does nothing of the sort. His greatness restrains him. He flies back to Utica, to the wife he has deserted, to the daughter he tried to humiliate, and, cowering behind these good women, he asks the country to believe him guiltless, while it, in company with Sprague, punishes the daughter of the great chief justice.

"GATH" HAS HIS SAY.

(George Alfred Townsend in the Cincinnati Enquirer.)

Conkling is a selfish, hard man, careless about wounding the feelings of anybody. I do not believe that he has a sincere friend in the world. The parasites who get office from him, or the expectation of it, have, of course, no interest in him, except as a means in the creator; but almost everybody is uneasy in his company. He spends his time among his lickspittles. Few people go to see him, except the chief gauger, the revenue assessor, the collector and the postmaster. He sits among these content with the business of politics. Intrinsically a weak and easily flattered man, it only needed a brilliant, fine woman to tempt Conkling to carry him off his feet. Mark Anthony was a new dropped quick before the flattery of Cleopatra.

The people may well understand that, as far as utility in this world is concerned, Gov. Sprague is immeasurably Roscoe Conkling's superior. He was the perfect master of the greatest cotton manufacturing business in this country. He knew the largest and the least details of that business, from buying cotton in enormous quantities and handling the finances of his huge concern, down to the smallest matter of design and coloring, and getting the stock on the market. Mr. Conkling has never produced anything except a lot of rhetoric and fulsome, and, although he declared to be on the eve of the greatest effort of his life, he does not appear to have made it until now, when he has shown the inside of his character to the American people with all the vengeance of his nature.

Sprague was also a soldier, and a good one, while Mr. Conkling spent more than four years of the war practicing with boxing-gloves at an imaginary stuffed enemy in the law office at Utica. Sprague had been a democrat, and was not supposed to be especially favorable to fighting, but when the war broke out he appeared among the first in the field at the head of his regiment, and it was there he attracted the admiration of Kate Chase and all the belles of that time. He was regarded as the best catch, the richest and daintiest single man in the country. Old Secretary Chase paid him the highest tribute, and the arts which he had since been given, not only to avail, to Roscoe Conkling, were showered in the presence of the young governor of Rhode Island. Probably warned that he was face to face with a most voracious woman, whose heart was more volatile than plastic, the governor yet rushed upon his destiny.

To please his wife he bought a large house in Washington, where Mrs. Sprague insisted on living, as she had an abhorrence to anything quiet and domestic. In a little while the great crash came; the house of Sprague, which extended almost over the whole country, with its stores in New York, its mills in the south and in Maine, and its villages in Rhode Island went all to pieces.

Sprague had previously built a villa near Narragansett Pier, so that his wife could spend the summer with her children within the state which had given him his political honors. Mr. Conkling had been his colleague in the senate, and owed him the respect of a fellow-republican and an acquaintance and a gentleman. Naturally Mr. Sprague felt his embarrassment. His failure was immense, involving millions of dollars, yet his creditors felt that no other person could so well carry on the business and pay them dividends out of the concern, so they remanded the whole thing to him, their debtor. Finding himself pressed by the banking firm of Brown & Ives, in Providence, Sprague made an issue with them and incidentally with his colleague, Senator Anthony. It is a little odd that Mr. Conkling should be sending his traps to Sprague's house on the one hand and visiting Anthony on the other, when Mrs. Sprague knows that there has been an irreparable breach between her husband and Senator Anthony. In short, the charlatan, the band-box man, the senatorial barber, and dancing-master, has stepped into another man's house, that man his friend, and brought humiliation upon it, disgrace on the state of New York, and scandal on the United States. It is time for Roscoe Conkling to curl up into a very small heap and get under his epithet.

TRIBUTE A YEAR AGO.

(Chicago Times.)

Utica, N. Y., Aug. 14.—The *Utica Herald's* Saratoga Springs correspondent telegraphs to-night as follows regarding the Sprague-Conkling scandal: How far the writer of that ingenious associated press dispatch forestalled public sentiment may be judged by an incident that came under my observation. Taking breakfast at a table eight or ten Saratoga visitors the morning the dispatch was published, a well-informed lady from New York laughed heartily at the part the German school teacher was made to play. She then stated, as a matter of fact, that about a year ago, she was shown a telegraphic dispatch from ex-Gov. Sprague to a gentleman of her acquaintance, who was an intimate personal friend of the governor, ad-

vising him that a duel was inevitable between the sender of the dispatch (ex-Gov. Sprague) and Senator Conkling. The lady was informed that the unpleasantness between Mr. Sprague and Mr. Conkling at the time the dispatch was sent was of a character that could not be compromised without subjecting the former to criticism on the part of his friends, which no gentleman of spirit could quietly endure. The gentleman who received the dispatch was advised by it to hold himself in readiness for any emergency that might arise. After three or four weeks a dispatch was received by the same man from ex-Gov. Sprague, which was also shown the lady above referred to, stating that the duel affair had blown over, and that the matter was satisfactorily arranged. The readiness with which the lady's instant, sharpened and guided by a general knowledge of current gossip from Washington—a knowledge which every one who reads the papers has in common—punctured the thin disguise which that associated press dispatch was intended to throw over the celebrated encounter at Narragansett, is characteristic of the way in which the whole affair is treated at this society center.

CONKLING'S FORMER CAPERS.

(Chicago Times.)

Syracuse, N. Y., Aug. 4.—The Narragansett Pier scandal has not created any great degree of surprise in Syracuse, where the peccadilloes of the senator and the anecdotal facts are well known among politicians of his own ilk. It has, however, offered an excuse for the recital of an episode of five or six years ago connected with one of Senator Conkling's numerous amours, which has probably never before seen the light of day. Although the scandal was not public, yet it was known to many of the great party leaders that he had formed an unholy alliance with the wife of a young man residing in an obscure interior village. The lady in question was the daughter of one of the oldest and most respected families in central New York. She is described by those who remember her in her halcyon days as a woman of surpassing personal beauty. In due time the husband suddenly attained notoriety by being appointed to a federal post of high preference in the city of New York. People who were knowing of Senator Conkling's little indiscretion accounted for the husband's elevation in a way not complimentary to that person. He held his place, however, and always had the senior senator of New York as his guardian angel. The husband's friends always asserted that he was ignorant of the rumors associating the name of his wife with that of Senator Conkling. Once he learned of it, he gave way to melancholy, and some time ago died by his own hand. Most people believe that domestic troubles drove him to suicide. As the story goes, the lady was wont to make assignments with the senator at way stations along the line of the railroad running in and out of Utica, and contiguous to both their homes. One day in the summer of 1873, Richfield Springs, a charming summer resort about thirty miles from Utica, was chosen as a trying place. An obscure hotel was selected as the place of meeting, both parties being desirous of shunning the greater hostilities of the village. A gentleman in Syracuse of high social position relates to the *Times* correspondent the scene which was enacted, once the loving pair were safely ensconced in their hotel, and the evening having been present at the time. The worthy boniface of the humble inn had no idea of the dignitary he was harboring under his roof, the senator having registered a fictitious name with the affix "and lady." Shortly after a carriage was driven up to the door of the hotel and from it alighted a man who was laboring under great excitement. He addressed the landlord and demanded that Senator Conkling's room be pointed out to him. The astonished host replied that no such man was his guest, and added that he would be only too glad if he was. The irate husband, for such he was, insisted that Conkling was at the house, but the landlord's honest protestations finally appeased the husband's wrath, to such an extent that the latter agreed to wait while the landlord sought the apartment of his last arrival to inquire his name. This much the husband demanded, when he learned that a recently arrived couple were occupying a room upstairs. Mine host proceeded to the apartment, upon the door of which he gently tapped. The senator responded by opening the door part way and asking what was the trouble. The landlord explained the situation. Senator Conkling was thereupon greatly excited and begged the landlord to get the man out of the house. He acknowledged his identity, but warned the landlord that nothing short of murder would ensue should the fact become known. The landlord, frightened by the threat, went down stairs and by dint of argument and false hood convinced the husband that he was on the wrong track. This is the story as it is told. The affair was published at Richfield Springs the next day, but it was not believed by many. Senator Conkling ceased his attentions to the lady in question four years ago.

MRS. SPRAGUE.

(Correspondence Philadelphia Times.)

Washington, Aug. 18.—Mrs. Sprague is by no means the beautiful woman she used to be. She must be now not far from 45 years old, although she looks much younger. She is of medium height, say five feet four or five inches, and of very regular features. Her hair is a dark auburn, waves a little, and is very abundant. Her complexion is, of course, fair, and her eyes are dark, and very pretty, and full of white, regular teeth. She used to be rather thin, but age is filling her up a little. Her weight, I should think, is about 140. Her hands are very symmetrical and in public are always encased in white kid, faultless in make and fit—about six buttons. She is always neatly, scrupulously and richly dressed. When she was at the head of the Sprague mansion, on the corner of E and Sixth streets, there was not in the whole city a woman so handsome, and she lived

in the most elegant and fashionable manner. Her father was chief justice, her husband a senator in congress, and counted the richest man in either body—and she had a younger, unmarried sister. Her house, a large double brick building, now used as a boarding house, was luxuriously furnished, and she had horses and carriages and lived servants in confusion every day. When she went to the theater, which was rare, no queen ever created more of a sensation. Her toilets were the envy of the town, and her beauty and her manner drew both ladies and gentlemen, though from different motives, wild. Her father and sister resided with her. Her sister, a pleasant little body with a turned-up nose, was, I believe, married from the Sixth street house.

SPRAGUE TELLS HIS STORY.

(Boston Globe.)

Senator Sprague has been in consultation with his lawyers and has absolutely declined to make a statement for publication "directly," but an intimate friend relates the substance of what occurred between Mrs. Sprague and Senator Conkling on Friday, August 8th, as the story came from the lips of Mr. Sprague himself. Its publication would not be permitted even now, but for the letter of Mrs. Sprague.

Gov. Sprague's version of the affair is as follows: He had been down in Maine on a business trip, expecting to return on the morning of the 7th. He finished his business before he expected to and returned late Thursday night, but did not see Mrs. Sprague, although he knew she was present in the house. He learned for the first time, and down at the pier, that Conkling was up at his house and had been there a day or two. The governor was mad beyond measure, and the cause of his anger, he said to his friend, was the intimate relations between Senator Conkling and his wife, which had long been highly obnoxious to him. The existence of these relations was no secret to him. He had seen the scandal growing and becoming more and more public, and he spoke bitterly of the conduct of Senator Conkling toward his wife at Washington. Bitter words had often passed between his wife and himself because of that intimacy. She was fully aware how obnoxious to him was that intimacy and what were his feelings toward Senator Conkling. In spite of all this, said Mr. Sprague, in spite of all the scandal and the violence of his feelings, that he should invite Senator Conkling to be a guest at his house during his absence, and that Conkling should have the brazen effrontery to come there at all, incensed him beyond all measure. As he expressed it, Senator Conkling was trying to do for his home in Rhode Island what he had already done for his home in Washington, and he had determined to put an end to it at once and forever.

With this deliberate intention he hurried back to Canochet as soon as he heard Conkling was there. "Near the house he met Linck, the German professor, but he declared positively he had no row with him and had no intention of shooting him. He did not even have his gun with him at the time. He did not order Linck to leave the house, and was opposed to his being there, not, however, because he had anything against the man himself, but because he could not afford to have such an attachment to his establishment, and he felt that the display of such extravagance at Canochet was injuring him in his efforts to save the wreck of his vast property interests and to get on his feet again financially. But he hardly gave Linck a thought. Probably, he was very angry, he said, for he was very angry but his indignation was against Conkling and not against Linck.

He found Conkling in the house alone, and ordered him out on the instant. Conkling refused to go. A few high words ensued, and then he (Sprague) went up stairs to get his shot-gun. He found that he had no percussion caps for his weapon, and went off to the village to get some. As soon as he could procure them he hurried back, and Conkling was still there. He again refused him to leave, and Conkling refused to go, and tried to mollify Sprague and excuse himself from leaving so suddenly on the ground that he had no carriage for himself or his baggage, which was not even packed. Thereupon Mr. Sprague drew out his watch and told Conkling that he would give him thirty seconds to get out, and that if he was not out by that time he (Sprague) would blow his brains out.

At that moment a carriage appeared in sight, which had evidently been sent for while Senator Sprague was absent in his search for the caps. At any rate Conkling got into it immediately, and drove away, leaving his baggage behind him. What happened afterwards in the house is not related, except that Conkling's luggage was hustled out of the house at short notice. Not satisfied that Conkling would quit hanging around the place, and determined to make him fully understand that he (Sprague) was in earnest, and that it was not a mere passing fit of rage, the governor, as soon as he had said his say at the house and had ordered Conkling's luggage out, jumped into his own wagon and drove off toward the pier to find Conkling, and he carried his gun with him. He found Conkling pacing up and down in front of a cafe. Jumping from his carriage he beckoned Conkling to come to him and said curtly: "I want you."

Conkling came, and another scene ensued. Conkling spoke low and mildly, even seeking to avoid attracting attention. This only enraged Mr. Sprague the more. He denounced Conkling violently, and told him plainly that he had had enough of his intimacy with Mrs. Sprague and did not propose to have any more of it. The governor reminded Conkling that he had broken a promise he once made in Washington to give up his acquaintance with Mrs. Sprague. Finally the governor cut Conkling short in an attempted reply by asking him abruptly if he was armed. Conkling, bristling up, replied that he was

not, that Mrs. Sprague (Sprague) would not go on as he was going. Without noticing the threat, Sprague replied: "Then go and arm yourself and hereafter go armed. I don't intend to see that if you ever cross my path again I will shoot you at sight." With that threat Gov. Sprague jumped into his carriage again and drove off, and Mr. Conkling returned to the cafe. This is undoubtedly a substantially correct story of what actually happened between Senator Conkling and ex-Senator Sprague.

FARM NOTES.

The whole of the United States have but 3,000,000 proprietary agriculturists; one-half the number of France, with ten times the area.

Mr. Caird, the agricultural statistician, estimates the capital of English landlords at \$1,000,000,000, and of English tenants at \$2,000,000,000.

The measure of cows and pigs resist decomposition for a longer time than that of sheep and horses—both the latter being dryer than the former, and decomposing more readily in the soil.

A farmer, having lost one of his sheep, said to a neighbor: "You know that big wether I had out in that lot. Well, I found him dead this morning, and now what I want to know is whether the weather killed the wether or not."

Indian corn was first grown by Europeans in this country at the James River settlement in Virginia, in 1608; and history informs us that the increase was immense, more than a thousand fold. In 1609 more than forty acres were grown by the Virginia planters.

Six million people find their living in France from agriculture, upon an area less than the state of Texas, of which about one-tenth was specially fertilized by nature, another tenth is absolutely sterile, the eight-tenths being land reclaimed and cultivated up to the present productiveness.

Charcoal, pulverized and mixed with water, is now highly recommended as an agent for relieving cattle suffering from any derangement of the stomach, such as bloat or hoven, etc. This should be remembered. There is no doubt of its efficacy, if abundance of concurrent testimony can be relied upon.

A correspondent of the *Indiana Farmer*, poured, one evening last fall, lime water on the heads of a nice lot of cabbages, and the next morning the worms that had infested them were lying dead all over the patch. A writer in the *Southern Home* accomplished the same result by applying, in the morning when the dew was on, a mixture of one-third airslacked lime and two-thirds unslacked ashes.

In selecting an animal for breeding or fattening, obtain one having large chest, the part containing the lungs, heart and the larger blood vessels, all of which have an important function to perform in the process of nutrition. It is well known among cattle men that animals with small chests do not fatten readily, and they are remarkably susceptible to the influence of exciting causes of disease.

Ground intended for a crop of winter wheat should be plowed as soon as possible, be it out, whether stubble or meadow. The plow should not run over four inches deep, and the soil should be left in a rough state until germinating weed-seeds makes it necessary to harrow it. The closer the ground is harrowed and the closer the soil is packed, the more certain is there to be a good crop. We would urge this upon all those who intend to grow a crop of this cereal next year.

A plan, says the *Scientific Farmer*, for improving the aroma of butter, in use in many parts of Switzerland noted for good milk and fine butter, is as follows: The milk, as soon as it is drawn, and while yet warm, is filtered through a sprig of washed fir tips, the stem of which is inserted loosely and upright in the hole of the funnel. The milk deposits hairs, skins, clots of gelatinous sliminess on the leaves. It has imparted to it a most agreeable odor and does not readily turn sour. A fresh sprig should be used each time.

A gentleman who has had some experience in onion raising, writes to the *Maine Farmer* that he leveled off a spot twenty feet square, where a cow had been yarded, and spread on it a bushel or more of wood ashes, and mixed them in with a hoe and rake. He planted in rows, ten inches apart, and in hills one-half that distance, pressing it hard with a board on which he stood. When the onions came up, he gave them a supply of water that had been made tepid from standing in the sun, and that was well saturated with new manure. The result was twenty bushels of fine onions, and no bugs or worms. Onions should be planted early.

The benefits of green manuring, with buckwheat and rye, for wheat, was shown by a correspondent of the *Ohio Farmer*. The field had been in corn for fourteen years and was completely exhausted. It was plowed, sown to buckwheat, which was plowed under when in flower, then sown to winter rye, which was plowed under the following spring, and the land planted to corn. The yield of corn was very good. Three years after a portion of the land was sown to buckwheat the last of July, turned under September 20th, and sown to winter wheat, the crop the next season being thirty-three bushels per acre. On land adjoining, that had not received a dressing of buckwheat, the yield of wheat was only fifteen bushels per acre.

When an approved American joke is ten years old it is disguised and introduced as new in the French papers. Five years later the London journals of gossip get hold of it. —*Cincinnati Commercial*.

A lady said that woman is the only sincere exponent of Christianity. Sniffen remarked, "That's the reason why so many young men wish to embrace the faith." —*St. Louis Spirit*.

INDUSTRIAL ITEMS.

The Belleville (Ill.) mill is so crowded that nails are shipped hot.

The rolling mill at Atlanta, Ga., gives support to about two thousand persons.

In a Bombay (India) cotton factory a man receives \$3 a month, a woman \$4 and a child \$2.50.

The Domingo Mine, Silver Cliff, Col., worked by fifty men, yields \$10,000 worth of ore per week.

Extensive improvements in the facilities of cotton and woolen mills are reported all over the country.

Large car shops are to be built at Potomac, Pa., by the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company.

A reduction of 10 percent in the wages of employees of the Vermont Central Railroad has been announced.

The puddlers of the Glasgow Iron Company, Potomac, Pa., have received an advance in wages to \$4 per ton.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has just given an order for 7,000 car wheels, to be made as fast as possible.

The Richmond (Ind.) City Mill Works is building a three-run mill for Wichita, Kas., and a two-run mill for Bath, Mich.

The increase of flouring mills in the four states of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota, from 1860 to 1873, was from 1,138 to 2,400.

The coal mines at Morrisdale, Pa., are running full time, giving employment to about 150 miners. A new shaft is being put down.

A general strike of lathers in all the shoe shops of Natick and Cohasset, Mass., has been resolved upon. Last year's prices are demanded.

Two hundred puddlers and helpers at Allentown, Pa., who struck three weeks ago, have resumed work with an advance of 50 cents per ton.

McIntosh, Hemphill & Co. recently completed a four ton steam hammer for the Keystone Bridge Company, and are now making a 2,500 pound hammer for the same company.

The employees of the Pennsylvania iron works at Danville, have been notified of an increase of wages dating from August 1st. The price now paid for puddling is \$3 per ton.

There is a corner in bricks in Patterson. The brick makers are doing contract work for \$5 per thousand, but if they were not tied by contracts they could get double that price.

The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company is turning out at its shops thirty-nine oil tank cars per month to accommodate its new oil traffic with the Tidewater company.

An Englishman is said to be prospecting along the Hudson River, in New York, for a site for a linen mill, to be brought to this country from England, with a large number of employees.

Several new cotton mills are in process of construction at Lowell, Mass., among them one 365x75 feet, six stories high, running about 50,000 spindles, and employing 400 or 500 operatives.

Forty-three percent of the spinning machinery in Fall River, is in operation. Several mills have erected cheap boarding houses in the mill yards, and new comers are kept entirely free from strikers.

Shaft No. 1, of the Penn Gas Coal Company, near Irwin Station, Pa., is in full blast, employing about 180 miners. About 150 miners are now at work in shaft No. 2 of the Penn Gas Coal Company, Westmoreland county, Pa.

The Kansas City Air Line Company has filed articles of incorporation in Illinois for a railroad from a point on the Indianapolis, Decatur and Springfield road near Decatur westward to Roodhouse on the Chicago and Alton, distance eighty-two miles.

The Keystone Bridge Works are running night and day, and employing about 300 hands. The company have contracts with the Cincinnati Southern Railway and the Louisville Western Railway companies, for building all their new bridges and spans.

One of the most important industrial establishments recently started in northern Ohio is that of the Kent alumina mill, at Kent, O. This concern started up the first week in July with 100 hands and 50 looms, which will soon be increased to 200 and 100, respectively.

During the past week building permits for structures to cost, in the aggregate, \$578,000 were issued in New York, in Brooklyn, \$275,000; in Philadelphia, \$380,000. Building fair in Boston, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago. Reports from New Orleans are rather discouraging.

The tailoring business in New York and Philadelphia is steady with a tendency to increase. The *Boston Journal* says: "Our manufacturers are cutting up much more material for fall wear than they did a year ago. The west promises to be a great customer in this line, as it has been of other goods."

Wages in the Kensington iron works at Philadelphia have been voluntarily advanced by the proprietors from 35 to 40 percent. In August, 1878, 1,500 men struck for an advance but were defeated. Now that the trade has improved they get better pay without striking for it. The force employed has been largely increased.

There is a very strong disposition to strike for higher wages manifested among mechanics and some classes of laborers during the past few weeks, at St. Louis, Mo. The coopers' strike of more than a month ago is not yet arranged, several bosses still holding out against the demands of the men. The lumber teamsters' strike did not amount to anything worthy of notice, but the action of the cigar makers two or three days ago has become so general that nearly all members of that craft have stopped work. Quite a number of manufacturers have agreed to pay the advance asked. There was a movement among the stove moulders for an increase of 15 percent on piece work, and the restoration of what they call

board prices. This has been refused by most of the foundry proprietors, and nearly all the stove moulders in the city stopped work Friday. The street car conductors and drivers have now got the fever to some extent, but they have determined on no plan of action as yet. They do not ask more pay, but a less number of working hours. They now average about fifteen hours.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Lynchburg, Va., has an amateur society who are singing "Pinafore."

"The Banker's Daughter" is having a great run at Haverly's theatre, Chicago.

At Bloomington, Ill., the opera of "Martha" is to be given by home talent.

"Pinafore" is to be given in Springfield, Mass., by home talent, early in September.

A. K. Virgil has moved his conservatory from Burlington, Ia., to Peoria, Ill. Where next?

Salisbury's Troubadours will be at Whitney's Detroit Opera House September 15th to 20th.

The Mozart association of Richmond, Va., has given 170 concerts since its organization.

Carlotto Patti, it is said, is shortly to be married to Ernest Von Munch, the noted violinist.

"Pinafore," "Trial by Jury" and "Chimes of Normandy" are the attractions in St. Louis.

Miss Eugenie Paul, late of Rice's Surprise Party, has joined Mr. Joseph Jefferson's dramatic company.

The original autograph will of Handel, the great composer, was recently sold at auction in London for \$265.

Ford's Opera House at Washington, D. C., will be opened on August 24th, with a juvenile "Fatiniza" company.

Mapleson, with his whole grand opera company, will start for this country Sept. 25th. He brings Ardit as director.

It is said that Edwin Booth intends to act in London, and negotiations are now in progress between Henry Irving and himself, with a view to his appearance in that city.

The story of the new operetta, "West Point," by Bartley Campbell and Edward E. Rice, is that of the love matches made by a visit of Vassar College girls to West Point.

The New York Fifth Avenue Company threw out the anchor of "H. M. S. Pinafore" at Niagara Falls on Aug. 9, intending to sail after two days, but the popular breeze is so strong that the anchor will not be raised for some time.

Dr. Arthur Sullivan, the author of "Pinafore," was born in London, in 1842, of musical parents, his father being professor at Kneller's Hall, the training school for military bands. Dr. Sullivan began composing at six years of age.

Miss Mary Anderson has been spending the summer at Long Branch. She is to open the new opera house at Utica, she acts in Rochester, Burlington, Vt., Montreal and other Canadian cities, and also at Buffalo in October. She will also be in Cincinnati and Chicago.

The Emma Abbott English Opera Company, Rice's Surprise Party, the Salbury Troubadours, the Berger Family and Sol. Smith Russell Combination and Haverly's Juvenile "Pinafore" Company are to delight the people of Albany, N. Y., during October and November.

"Uncle Tom" is to be put on the road again, this time by the Rev. Thomas North, who says he wishes to rescue Mrs. Stowe's famous hero from the "pernicious influence" of the theatre, and make a respectable church member out of the drama. Mrs. Stowe, who has never yet seen "Uncle Tom" played, sanctions the scheme.

The Tony Denier Humpty-Dumpty troupe will start out from Chicago, and give their first performance at Lafayette, Ind., the 25th. The following is a list of the company: Tony Denier, proprietor and manager; F. D. Hildreth, Treasurer; D. B. Hodges, business manager; H. E. Parmelee, advance agent; J. W. Gates, press agent; George H. Adams (Grimaldi), Miss Mabel Stanton, William Eunice, Charles Adams, Punch Walton, McAuley and Howe, Miss Erba Robeson, Ripley and Reeder, Little Rosebud, Davenport Brothers, Miss Allie Smith, George W. Hunter, Miss Bertha Rosberry, Charles King, A. E. Gaylord, A. M. Holbrook, Miss E. Cora, George D. Barnard, Miss Rosina Croke, Thomas Wood, L. F. Page, Frank Elerson, Thomas Forrester, Jacques Case.

PUMPING PATTERSON.

What the Son of "Honest John" Has to Say.

The Press Is Welcome to Give Him Notoriety.

M. Patterson, son of Senator Patterson, of South Carolina, is still quartered at the Aveline House. A SENTINEL reporter this morning sought and obtained an interview with the above named gentleman, and gently broke the question regarding the statement made by the Chicago Times several days ago, that he had jumped his board bill at the Palmer House, and had by means of letters of introduction attempted to swindle various parties in that city.

Mr. Patterson stated that any one who doubted that he had paid his bills in Chicago, was requested to send to the Palmer and inquire in regard to the same. He says that he has no objection to the press giving him all the notoriety they chose. He is a pleasant young gentleman about twenty-five years of age and a very agreeable conversationalist. He gave a very lucid explanation of the political status in California, which owing to a lack of space cannot appear to-day, and denounced in general terms the statements made regarding him in the Chicago papers. He complimented the SENTINEL in the highest terms, stating that he was a practical printer of six years experience.

Reporter—"Is it impertinent to ask what is the object of your visit to this city?"

"Not at all; I am looking for my folks and am just returning from a months visit through the west and not knowing the exact whereabouts of my parents who are somewhere on the coast, and I learn are coming this way."

"How long will you remain in the city?"

"Well, I am very much pleased with your city, and I think I shall remain for several days at least."

BREVITIES.

D. R. McFeeley is ill.

More Haskell to-night.

W. F. Wierwayer is in town.

The organ factory has a telephone.

Col. Miller has returned from the east.

C. W. Edsall has returned from Arcola.

The SENTINEL office will be open to-night.

The superior court will be in session Monday.

J. D. Cook will be in the city on Tuesday.

Hon. and Mrs. J. L. Williams have gone east.

Harry Parker terms it "uncomfortable" weather.

John Hoagland acted as city attorney this morning.

The committee on assessments and taxes meet to-night.

The Northern Indianan is not in love with Bro. Haskell.

Justice Ryan is still acting in the capacity of police judge.

The Jenkinson, of the Richmond Palladium, is in the city.

It is said that there are some geese running at large somewhere.

Carl Schurz spoke in Toledo last evening to the Sangerbunds.

T. E. Ellison and wife are home from their New England trip.

Murray's shops at Lafayette will open about the 1st of next month.

The St. Mary's band will give an excursion to Rome City next Tuesday.

The Antwerp Banner has just discovered that Nellie Grant Sartoris is dead (?)

The September term of the circuit court will begin one week from next Monday.

J. D. White left for Petoskey to-day. He will return next week accompanied by his wife.

The Gazette's indifference denies that St. Meinhaus is in the staff of that paper.

Charley Falls, of the county clerk's office, has returned from an extended trip about the lakes.

The sale of reserved seats for "Humpty Dumpty" will begin next Monday, at Fowler's.

The funeral of Fred. Smallhouse took place to-day. He was interred in the Catholic cemetery.

A large crowd attended Taylor's sale of buggies at Sheldon yesterday. Fifty buggies were sold.

Deputy Collector Douglas has been over in DeKalb county overhauling violations of the revenue laws.

Fred Bickness came back from Canada with an "elegant gold watch and chain," which he purchased for \$30.

Miss Dolbie Richey left for Crestline this afternoon, having been called to the dying bedside of Mrs. Wm. Jones, an intimate friend.

John Trentman, son of the late B. Trentman, is stopping at the Brunswick House, Clinton, Niagara Falls, where he has been for the past ten days.

Tommy Keefe took a two days' jaunt with Frank Cogrove. Frank evidently kept Tom on the money side, judging from the sunbaked condition of his face.

Men's temperance meeting at 4 o'clock to-morrow afternoon in the court house square; at 7.30 p. m. "Boss Devil of America," at the Academy of Music.

A. M. Taylor's sale of buggies at Sheldon yesterday was a grand success. The crowd was very large and fifty buggies were sold in four hours, the sale yielding \$4,270.50, an average of \$85. A band of music was in attendance and the festivities closed with a social dance. These sales have become regular institutions of the county.

Miss Nellie Angell returned from Chicago to-day.

Ras Chittenden is back, attending to business strictly as usual.

All the employees of the fire department are married men, but one and he will—

Miss Nellie Lewis is spending a few days in this city with her many friends.

Squire Ryan to-day fined John Ruppel \$1 and costs for malicious trespass.

David Dennis, of Wayne township, has made an addition to his family of a pair of girls.

A twelve-year-old son of Mr. Fabling while playing, to-day, fell and broke his arm.

Mrs. Walker, sister of Mrs. R. J. Fisher, has returned to her home in Covington, Ky.

Why don't you try Centlivre's Erlanger beer to-night? On tap at all the principal saloons.

J. W. Barnes has removed from 172 West Jefferson street to the Fletcher homestead on Holton avenue.

Mr. J. E. Noble, formerly of this city, but recently of Cincinnati, O., has permanently removed to this city.

Tom Mays' Pinaflore company showed at Warsaw last night to a good business. To-night they are at Columbia City.

There will be services in the Second Presbyterian Church to-morrow morning at the usual hour, 10:30. Preaching by the pastor.

Geo. W. Mullen leaves for St. Louis this evening to meet a party of railroad men from San Francisco, and may make arrangements to leave for the Pacific coast this fall.

A little eight-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Mollo, of Pleasant township, died last night at 11 o'clock, from a severe attack of typhoid fever, with which she was prostrated about ten days ago.

Frank Casso was acquitted of the charge of violation of the liquor law, before Justice Pratt. The SENTINEL erroneously stated that the case was continued until Wednesday, and the Gazette with characteristic enterprise copied the error.

Joseph Stites, a boy employed in the Pittsburgh car shops, had the first finger of his left hand cut off by a rip saw this morning, while trying to clean the sawdust away from the saw. Several other fingers were also slightly injured. His wounds were attended to.

One of the Fort Wayne excursionists to Niagara Falls came near being poisoned the other night. Getting out of his berth to go to the washstand he picked up a cake of brown soap thinking it was maple sugar. He was saved in time by Dr. Huebner who fortunately was on the train.

Wm. Head, a young man living in Mayaville, died suddenly to-day. On Thursday he was apparently in perfect health. He went hunting with some young companions, and after a long fast ate a lot of green apples which resulted in an attack of cholera morbus that produced death.

Dr. Rausch brought to this office this morning a variety of improved everbearing raspberries. The sprigs contain ripe berries, green ones and blossoms at the same time. Considering that this is almost the first of September and that the raspberry season was over a month or six weeks ago, Dr. Rausch is entitled to the medal on the berry business.

John Stocking, Cyrus Avery and Thomas Walsh went into the Globe, this morning, and took a drink. Stocking "set 'em up," but had no money to settle his score. When the parties went on the sidewalk they got into a row. Avery banged Stocking in the nose, and blood flowed freely. Squire Ryan fined Stocking \$5 and costs, and the others \$1 each and costs.

This morning a farmer's team standing in front of the Globe restaurant, on Main street, took fright and started to run, with Mr. Graffmiller's buggy, breaking a wheel and ruining things in general. The horses continued running west on Main street, narrowly missing several other teams on the way. At Ewing's Hall the wagon was turned and the horses broke loose, but were soon caught. Fortunately no one was injured.

BULLY BOYS

Who Spied in the Fort Wayne City Band—A "Sentinel" Reporter at a Rehearsal.

A SENTINEL reporter had the pleasure last night of listening to a rehearsal of the City Band, when a number of entirely new pieces were taken up and played with a high degree of perfection, although some of them were very difficult. The City Band is an institution of which the city of Fort Wayne might well be proud, as there are but few organizations of the kind in the state. The band, under the leadership of Mr. Philip Keintz, has risen from the ranks to take a high place in the scale of military bands in the state. A few years ago the band was, it is true, a fair collection of performers, but nothing in comparison to what it is to-day. This improvement is wholly due to careful attention, constant practice, and good discipline. None of the boisterous hilarity which generally marks rehearsals of this kind is allowed in their hall. The players are as genuine a set of gentlemen as one will meet in a week's travel, and a visitor to their hall is always quietly welcomed. When they meet for rehearsal, each player takes his seat at his proper place with his instrument lying on the table before him. A social conversation is generally indulged in and their business transacted in an orderly manner, after which the leader with a tap on the table restores perfect quiet, the parts are passed around and without any more ado the rehearsal begins. Fort Wayne should appreciate this truly fine organization and give it the support which it deserves.

A BARREL OF FUN.

Enjoyed by the Alerts on Their Niagara Falls Excursion.

A Full Account of the Trip.

A number of the excursionists returned last night and have been dropping in during the day, a few remaining over at Put-in-Bay until Monday. They report having had a delightful time, having a few annoyances always inseparable from these cheap excursions. No accidents marred the occasion notwithstanding feats of peril performed by some of the more venturesome of the party. A delightful sail on Lake Ontario to Toronto was one of the most agreeable features of the trip. The lake was as calm and placid as the conscience of a counsellor. Lake Erie was somewhat turbulent, and several of the female members of the party were compelled to seek their berths. The programme promised by the Alerts managers was strictly carried out. Had the same spirit of fairness characterized the railway management there would have been less cause for growling. The Canada Southern Railroad dropped the excursion train at St. Thomas, Canada, where it laid four hours waiting for some friendly hand to extend it succor and relief. The consequence was, instead of reaching the Falls at 8 a. m., it was the meridian hour when we heard the sound of the roaring waters.

The excursionists have a poor opinion of Clifton hotels, but are loud in their praise of the Rossin House, Toronto.

The Beebe House at Put-in-Bay received several left-handed compliments from several of the party who had registered and taken rooms intending to remain a few days, but the first meal (yesterday dinner) was enough to satisfy the not over fastidious. The bill of fare was good enough if there had been any of the articles of diet to be had, that the bill called for, but cabbage, sour milk and a few other common place articles were all the provender to be had for the five and seventy cents paid in advance. The nigger waiters were arrogant, stupid and lazy. If the proprietor of this delectable house had the interests of his hostelry at heart, he would discharge the black lubbers, restock his cupboard and remodel his cuisine, then advertise the place as a first class house.

The burning of the Put-in-Bay house was the death blow to this Island. But little business is being done there this year, on account of the inferior hotel accommodations. Hunker's Hotel is small, but clean and neat. To this place several of the Fort Wayne people removed from the "Beebe." Among them the mayor, Mr. Muhler, Henry Graffe and Tom Hedekin with their families and Frank Wolke, poor Frank, without any family. Henry Colerick, our genial little city attorney, also remained behind. He was last seen standing on the wharf reading a little picture book of Robinson Crusoe.

Take the excursion, all in all, the participants seem to be well pleased with their trip and compliment Messrs. Carrier, Hedekin, Bourie et al., on the success attending it.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Katharine W. Wolff and Nancy I. Baker.

CITY FEATURES

Oysters as you like them at the Globe. 8,23

Trains will run from every direction into Rome City to-morrow; from Richmond south to Kalamazoo, north, on the Grand Rapids Railroad; from Newcastle on the Muncie Railroad, from Wabash on the Wabash Railroad, from Logansport on the El River Railroad.

Beautiful fall fashions at the Pattern Store. 8,23

Free Lunch. 8,23

The above reward will be paid to any one who will eat all the vegetables to be set by Gus Strodel to-night. All kinds of vegetables will be furnished, and positively the only good beer in the city will be on draught. Don't you forget it.

Don't forget the excursion to Rome City on the 27th inst. for the benefit of the City Hospital. Round trip only \$1.00. Children 50 cents. A big time is promised.

His Success.

Dr. von Meschik's great success in the cure of Deafness, Catarrh, Throat, Lung, Chest Heart Diseases, and other chronic maladies, is too well known now to need any further comment. The many patients he has treated speak in highest praise of the satisfaction he has given. His system of treating those maladies is the only one from which a speedy and radical cure can be expected. Let none who need his medical help neglect the opportunity they still have to avail themselves of the same and call at once at his rooms, Aveline House.

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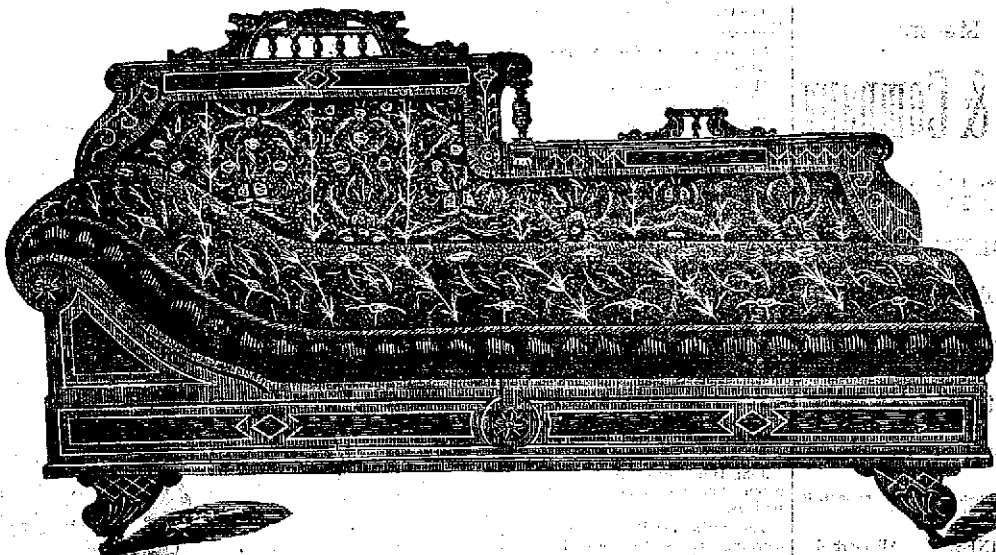
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15-WEST WAYNE STREET.-15

FLIEGNER'S IMPROVED BED LOUNGE!

WHEN CLOSED.

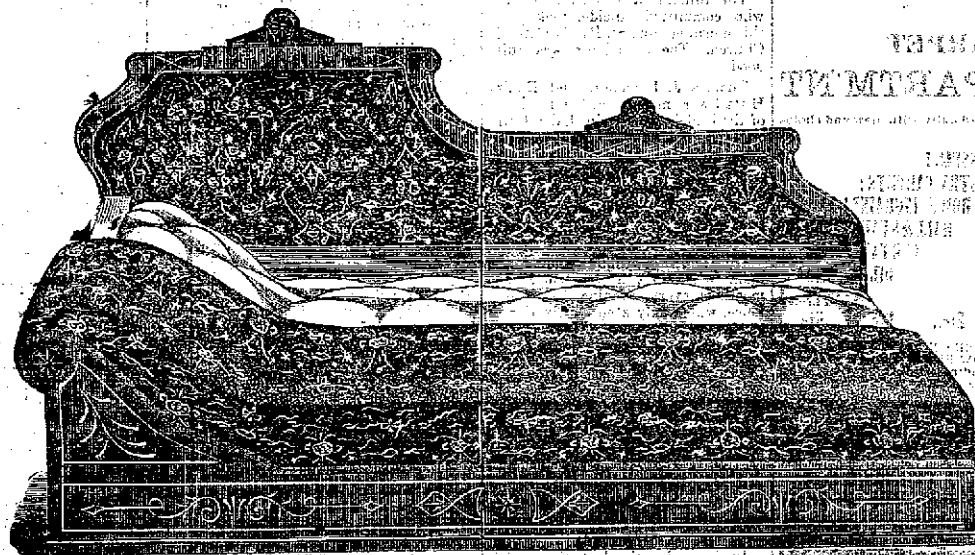


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PARLOR SETTS from \$45 to \$150, in HAIR CLOTH, TERRY or RAW SILK.

WHEN OPEN.



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PRICE \$15.00.

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THE BEST IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST.

All my Parlor Work and Lounges are HOME-MANUFACTURED. No Factory Work. Lambrequins, Hair and Spring-Mattresses made to order, repairing and upholstering Furniture neatly done.

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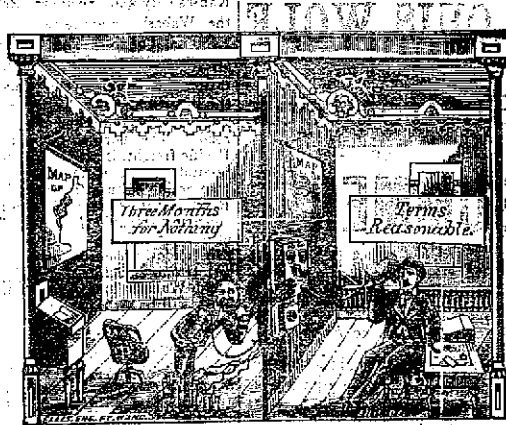
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S. C. LUMBARD, Manager.

BASS
FOUNDRY
MACHINE WORKS

KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY
LANDS! LANDS!
KANSAS TO THE FRONT!
The Leading Wheat State in the Union in 1878, and the fourth Corn State—The Great Harvest in 1878 was 50,000,000 bushels of "Golden Bells."
The celebrated Grain Belt for country, in the finest section of Central Kansas, traversed by the Kansas Pacific.

PUMPING PATTERSON.

What the Son of "Honest John" Has to Say.

The Press Is Welcome to Give Him Notoriety.

S. M. Patterson, son of Senator Patterson, of South Carolina, is still quartered at the Aveline House. A SENTINEL reporter this morning sought and obtained an interview with the above named gentleman, and gently broke the question regarding the statement made by the Chicago Times several days ago, that he had jumped his board bill at the Palmer House, and had by means of letters of introduction attempted to swindle various parties in that city. Mr. Patterson stated that any one who doubted that he had paid his bills in Chicago, was requested to send to the Palmer and inquire in regard to the same. He says that he has no objection to the press giving him all the notoriety they chose. He is a pleasant young gentleman about twenty-five years of age and a very agreeable conversationalist. He gave a very lucid explanation of the political status in California, which owing to a lack of space cannot appear to-day, and denounced in general terms the statements made regarding him in the Chicago papers. He complimented the SENTINEL in the highest terms, stating that he was a practical printer of six years experience.

Reporter—"Is it impertinent to ask what is the object of your visit to this city?"

"Not at all; I am looking for my folks and am just returning from a months visit through the west and not knowing the exact whereabouts of my parents who are somewhere on the coast, and I learn are coming this way."

"How long will you remain in the city?"

"Well, I am very much pleased with your city, and I think I shall remain for several days at least."

BREVITIES.

D. R. McFeeley is ill.

More Haskell to-night.

W. F. Wiemeyer is in town.

The organ factory has a telephone.

Col. Miller has returned from the east.

C. W. Edsall has returned from Arcola.

The SENTINEL office will be open to-night.

The superior court will be in session Monday.

J. D. Cook will be in the city on Tuesday.

You and Mrs. J. L. Williams have gone east.

Harry Parker terms it "uncomfortable" weather.

John Hoszland acted as city attorney this morning.

The committee on assessments and taxes meet to-night.

The Northern Indian is not in love with Bro. Haskell.

Justice Ryan is still acting in the capacity of police judge.

The Jenkinson, of the Richmond Battalion, is in the city.

It is said that there are some geese running at large somewhere.

Carl Schurz spoke in Toledo last evening to the Sangerbund.

T. E. Ellison and wife are home from their New England trip.

Murray's shops at Lafayette will open about the 1st of next month.

The St. Mary's band will give an excursion to Rome City next Tuesday.

The Antwerp Banner has just discovered that Nellie Grant Sartoris is dead (?)

The September term of the circuit court will begin one week from next Monday.

J. D. White left for Petoskey to-day. He will return next week accompanied by his wife.

The Gazette, Indiana, denies that St. McManus is a staff of that paper.

Charley Falls, of the county clerk's office, has returned from an extended trip about the lakes.

The sale of reserved seats for "Humpty Dumpty" will begin next Monday, at Fowler's.

The funeral of Fred. Smallhouse took place to-day. He was interred in the Catholic cemetery.

A large crowd attended Taylor's sale of buggies at Sheldon yesterday. Fifty buggies were sold.

Deputy Collector Douglass has been over in DeKalb county overhauling violations of the revenue laws.

Fred Bickness came back from Canada with an "elegant gold watch and chain," which he purchased for \$36.

Miss Dollie Richey left for Crestline this afternoon, having been called to the dying bedside of Mrs. Wm. Jones, an intimate friend.

John Trentman, son of the late B. Trentman, is stopping at the Brantwick House, Clifton, Niagara Falls, where he has been for the past ten days.

Tommy Keefe took a two days' jaunt with Frank Cosgrove. Frank evidently kept Tom on the sunny side, judging from the sunburnt condition of his face.

Men's temperance meeting at 4 o'clock to-morrow afternoon in the court house square; at 7.30 p. m., "Rose Devil of America," at the Academy of Music.

A. M. Taylor's sale of buggies at Sheldon yesterday was a grand success. The crowd was very large and fifty buggies were sold in four hours, the sale yielding \$4,270.50, an average of \$85. A band of music was in attendance and the festivities closed with a social dance. These sales have become regular institutions of the county.

Miss Nellie Angell returned from Chicago to-day.

'Bas Chittenden is back, attending to business strictly as usual.

All the employees of the fire department are married men, but one and he will—

Miss Nellie Lewis is spending a few days in this city with her many friends.

Squire Ryan to-day fined John Ruppel \$1 and costs for malicious trespass.

David Dennis, of Wayne township, has made an addition to his family of a pair of girls.

A twelve-year-old son of Mr. Fableing while playing, to-day, fell and broke his arm.

Mrs. Walker, sister of Mrs. R. J. Fisher, has returned to her home in Covington, Ky.

Why don't you try Centlivre's Erlanger beer to-night? On tap at all the principal saloons.

J. W. Barnes, has removed from 172 West Jefferson street to the Fletcher homestead on Holton avenue.

Mr. J. E. Noble, formerly of this city, but recently of Cincinnati, O., has permanently removed to this city.

Tom Mays' Pinafore company showed at Warsaw last night to a good business. To-night they are at Columbia City.

There will be services in the Second Presbyterian Church to-morrow morning at the usual hour, 10:30. Preaching by the pastor.

Geo. W. Mullen leaves for St. Louis this evening to meet a party of railroad men from San Francisco, and may make arrangements to leave for the Pacific coast this fall.

A little eight-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Mollo, of Pleasant township, died last night at 11 o'clock, from a severe attack of typhoid fever, with which she was prostrated about ten days ago.

Frank Casso was acquitted of the charge of violation of the liquor law, before Justice Pratt. The SENTINEL erroneously stated that the case was continued until Wednesday, and the Gazette with characteristic enterprise copied the error.

Jonah Stites, a boy employed in the Pittsburgh car shops, had the first finger of his left hand cut off by a rip saw this morning, while trying to clean the sawdust away from the saw. Several other fingers were also slightly injured. His wounds were attended to.

One of the Fort Wayne excursionists to Niagara Falls came near being poisoned the other night. Getting out of his berth to go to the washstand he picked up a cake of brown soap thinking it was maple sugar. He was saved in time by Dr. Huechling who fortunately was on the train.

Wm. Hood, a young man living in Maysville, died suddenly to-day. On Thursday he was apparently in perfect health. He went hunting with some young companions, and after a long fast ate a lot of green apples which resulted in an attack of cholera morbus that produced death.

Dr. Rauehl brought to this office this morning a variety of improved everbearing raspberries. The sprigs contain ripe berries, green ones and blossoms at the same time. Considering that this is almost the first of September and that the raspberry season was over a month or six weeks ago, Dr. Rauehl is entitled to the medal on the berry business.

John Stocking, Cyrus Avery and Thomas Walsh went into the Globe, this morning, and took a drink. Stocking "set 'em up," but had no money to settle his score. When the parties went on the sidewalk they got into a row. A very banged Stocking in the nose, and blood flowed freely. Squire Ryan fined Stocking \$5 and costs, and the others \$1 each and costs.

This morning a farmer's team standing in front of the Globe restaurant, on Main street, took fright and started to run west on Main street. In front of the street car office the wagon collided with Mr. Graffmiller's buggy, breaking a wheel and ruining things in general. The horses continued running west on Main street, narrowly missing several other teams on the way. At Ewing's the wagon was turned and the horses broke loose, but were soon caught. Fortunately no one was injured.

BULLY BOYS

Who Spied in the Fort Wayne City Band—A "Sentinel" Reporter at a Rehearsal.

A SENTINEL reporter had the pleasure last night of listening to a rehearsal of the City Band, when a number of entirely new pieces were taken up and played with a high degree of perfection, although some of them were very difficult. The City Band is an institution of which the city of Fort Wayne might well be proud, as there are but few organizations of the kind in the state. The band, under the leadership of Mr. Philip Keintz, has risen from the ranks to take a high place in the scale of military bands in the state. A few years ago the band was, it is true, a fair collection of performers, but nothing in comparison to what it is to-day. This improvement is wholly due to careful attention, constant practice, and good discipline. None of the boisterous hilarity which generally marks rehearsals of this kind is allowed in their hall. The players are as genuine a set of gentlemen as one will meet in a week's travel, and a visitor to their hall is always quietly welcomed. When they meet for rehearsal, each player takes his seat at his proper place with his instrument lying on the table before him. A social conversation is generally indulged in and their business transacted in an orderly manner, after which the leader with a tap on the table restores perfect quiet, the parts are restored around and without any more ado the rehearsal begins. Fort Wayne should appreciate this truly fine organization and give it the support which it deserves.

A BARREL OF FUN.

Enjoyed by the Alerts on Their Niagara Falls Excursion.

A Full Account of the Trip.

A number of the excursionists returned last night and have been dropping in during the day, a few remaining over at Put-in-Bay until Monday. They report having had a delightful time, barring a few annoyances always inseparable from these cheap excursions. No accidents marred the occasion notwithstanding feats of peril performed by some of the more venturesome of the party. A delightful sail on Lake Ontario to Toronto was one of the most agreeable features of the trip. The lake was as calm and placid as the conscience of a councilman. Lake Erie was somewhat turbulent, and several of the female members of the party were compelled to seek their berths. The programme promised by the Alert managers was strictly carried out. Had the same spirit of fairness characterized the railway management there would have been less cause for growling. The Canada Southern Railroad dropped the excursion train at St. Thomas, Canada, where it laid four hours waiting for some friendly hand to extend it succor and relief. The consequence was, instead of reaching the Falls at 8 a. m., it was the meridian hour ere we heard the sound of the roaring waters.

The excursionists have a poor opinion of Clifton hotels, but are loud in their praise of the Bossin House, Toronto.

The Beebe House at Put-in-Bay received several left-handed compliments from several of the party who had registered and taken rooms intending to remain a few days, but the first meal (yesterday dinner) was enough to satisfy the not over fastidious. The bill of fare was good enough if there had been any of the articles of diet to be had, that the bill called for, but cabbage, sour milk and a few other common place articles were all the provender to be had for the five and seventy cents paid in advance. The nigger waiters were arrogant, stupid and lazy. If the proprietor of this delectable house had the interests of his hostelry at heart, he would discharge the black lubbers, restock his cupboard and remodel his cuisine, then advertise the place as a first class house.

The burning of the Put-in-Bay house was the death blow to this Island. But little business is being done there this year, on account of the inferior hotel accommodations. Hunker's Hotel is small, but clean and neat. To this place several of the Fort Wayne people removed from the "Beebe." Among them the mayor, Mr. Muhler, Henry Graffe and Tom Hudekin with their families and Frank Wolke, poor Frank, without any family. Henry Colerick, our genial little city attorney, also remained behind. He was last seen standing on the wharf reading a little picture book of Robinson Crusoe.

Take the excursion, all in all, the participants seem to be well pleased with their trip and compliment Messrs. Carrier, Hudekin, Bourie et al., on the success attending it.

Marriage Licenses.

Nathaniel W. Wolfelt and Nancy I. Baker.

CITY FEATURES

Oysters as you like them at the Globe. 8,23

Trains will run from every direction into Rome City to-morrow, from Richmond south to Kalamazoo north, on the Grand Rapids Railroad; from Newcastle on the Muncie Railroad, from Wabash on the Wabash Railroad, and from Logansport on the El River Railroad.

Beautiful fall fashions at the Pattern Store.

\$500. Free Lunch. \$500. The above reward will be paid to any one who will eat all the vegetable soup to be set by Gus Strodel to-night. All kinds of vegetables will be furnished, and perfectly safe to eat. The city will be on draught. Don't you forget it.

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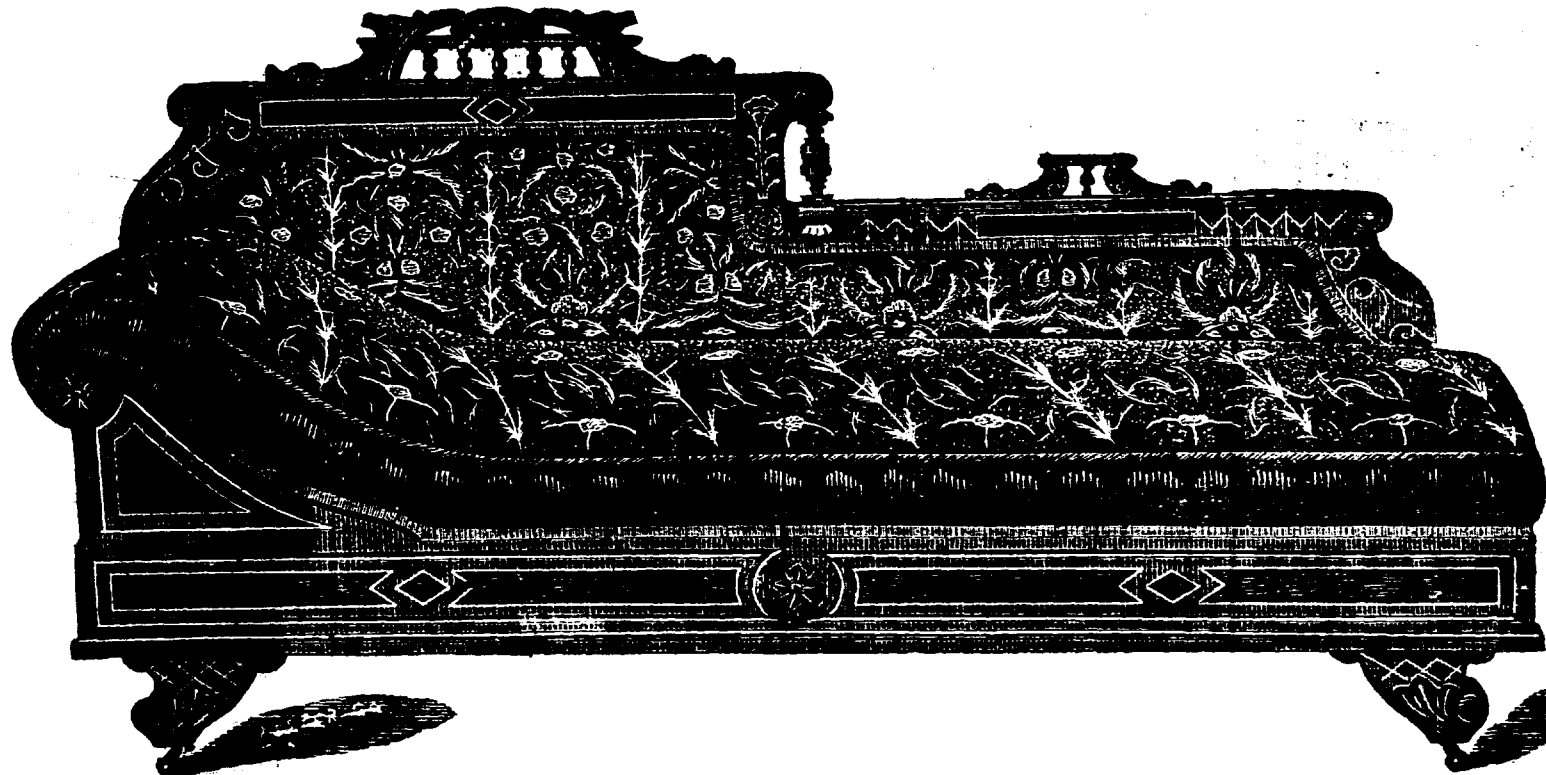
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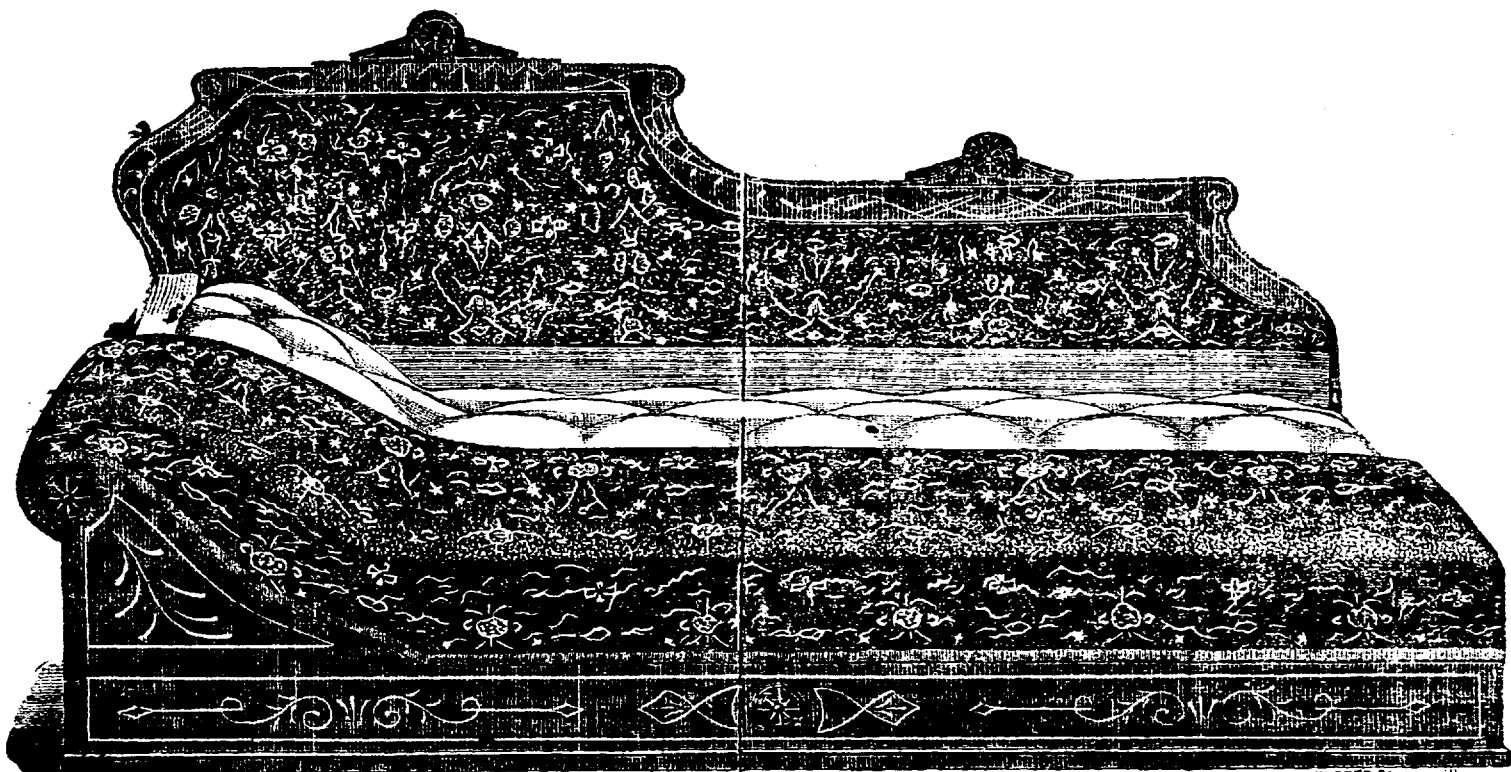


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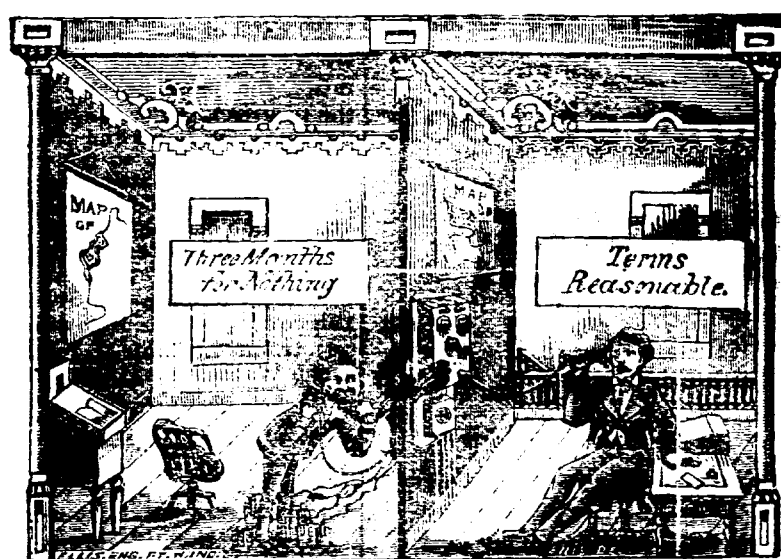
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